

VOL. 7 NO. 6
SEPTEMBER 1947

Shadow

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

10¢

52 PAGES

BEST BUY IN COMICS

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE SHADOW SAVES
THE SACRED SWORD
of
SANJOROJO



Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

Popsicle Pete

FUN BOOK

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

COMICS

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS**



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

EXTRA

**FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS.

Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

THE

SHADOW

SAVES
THE SACRED SWORD
OF
SANJORJO

AN AL KLEIN PRODUCTION...



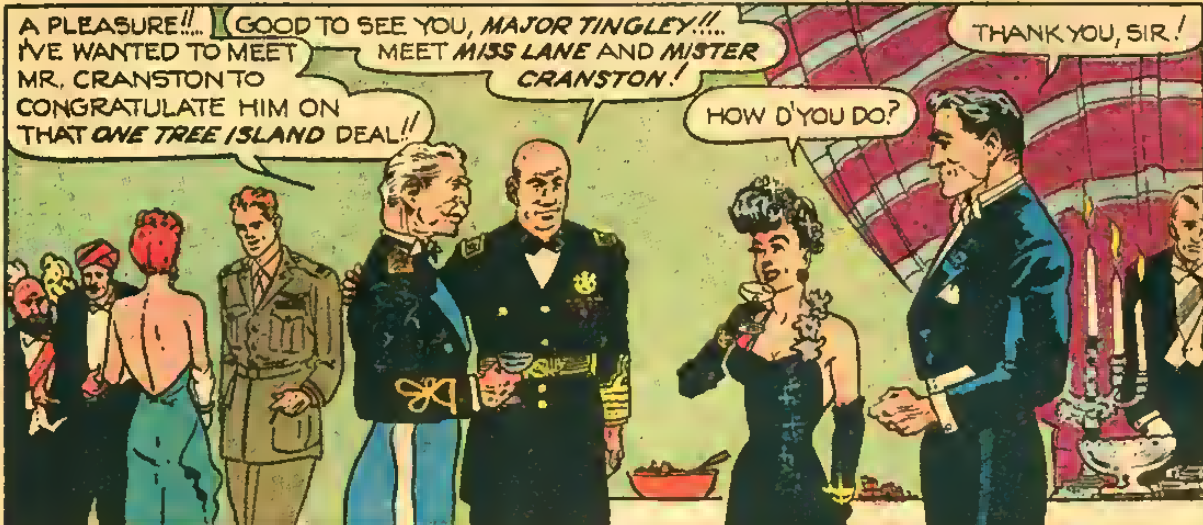
IN THE HEART OF THE HIMALAYAS LIES THE KINGDOM OF TANTUVIA, WITH ITS PRICELESS DEPOSITS OF THORIUM... KEY TO ITS RULE IS THE SACRED SWORD OF SANJORJO... READ HOW THE SHADOW SOLVED A CRISIS FOR THE UNITED NATIONS BY SAVING THE SACRED SWORD AND RESTORING A KIDNAPPED KING TO THE THRONE... ONCE AGAIN THE SHADOW PROVES THAT..... CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

Powell

Vol 7 No 6 Sept. 1947 SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Allen L. Grommer, President, Gerald H. Smith, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Henry W. Rolston Vice President and Secretary Copyright, 1947, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Reentered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12 issue subscription in the U. S. A., in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues, elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publishers' permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental.

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LAMONT CRANSTON, NEW YORK CLUBMAN, WITH HIS FRIEND, **MARGO LANE**, ATTEND A RECEPTION TO **UNITED NATIONS** DELEGATES AS THE GUESTS OF **POLICE COMMISSIONER WESTON**



AH, IF THE **U.N.** COULD ONLY BORROW HIM FOR THE **TANTUVIAN SITUATION**....IT'S THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH TODAY.... **INTERNATIONALLY** SPEAKING!...

I NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE!

IT'S IN ASIA...

... AND IT HAS **THORIUM DEPOSITS** THAT EVERYBODY IS TRYING TO GET!!.....

Y... YES!... BUT... BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW?... IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE **TOP-SECRET**!!

RIGHT?.....



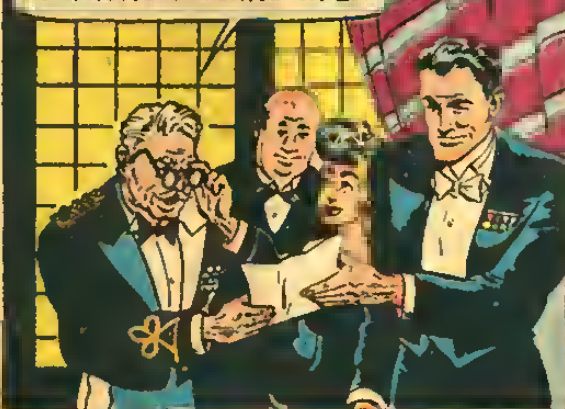
HERE, MAJOR, PERHAPS THIS **CABLEGRAM** I GOT FROM THE HEAD OF THE **EVERLASTING BROTHERHOOD** A FEW DAYS AGO WILL CLEAR UP YOUR QUESTION!

"SACRED SWORD OF SAN-JORTO ENDANGERED AWAIT SUMMONS. (SIGNED) HU CHIEH"

REMARKABLE!!!... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS **CRIME-FIGHTING BROTHERHOOD**, SIR!

WE DON'T ADVERTISE OUR MEMBERSHIP, MAJOR....

...BUT WHAT'S THIS **TANTUVIA** BUSINESS?!



TANTUVIA IS A VERY OLD NATION, BUT LITTLE KNOWN, MARGO. ISOLATED BY HIGH MOUNTAINS, IT HAS VERY SELDOM BEEN VISITED BY WHITE MEN....



LOCKED IN THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS OF THE HIMALAYA RANGE IT WAS FREED FROM THE GRIP OF THE TATARS BY THE HERO, SAN-JORJE.....



SAN-JORJE RULED CENTURIES AGO AND IT WAS HE WHO INSTITUTED THE SWORD AS THE SYMBOL OF SUPREME POWER.

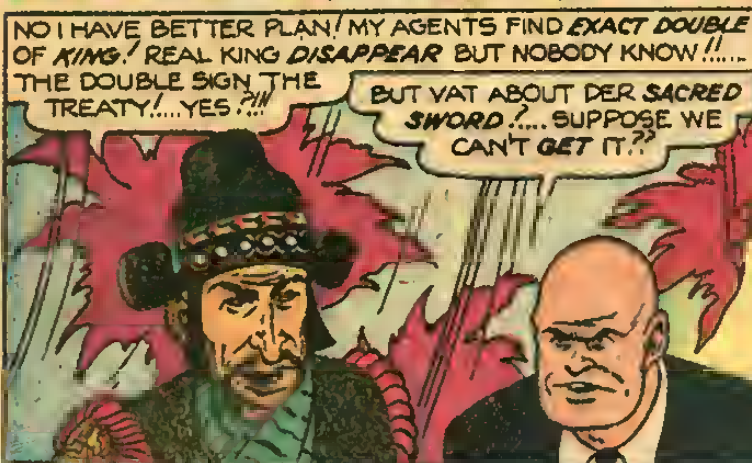
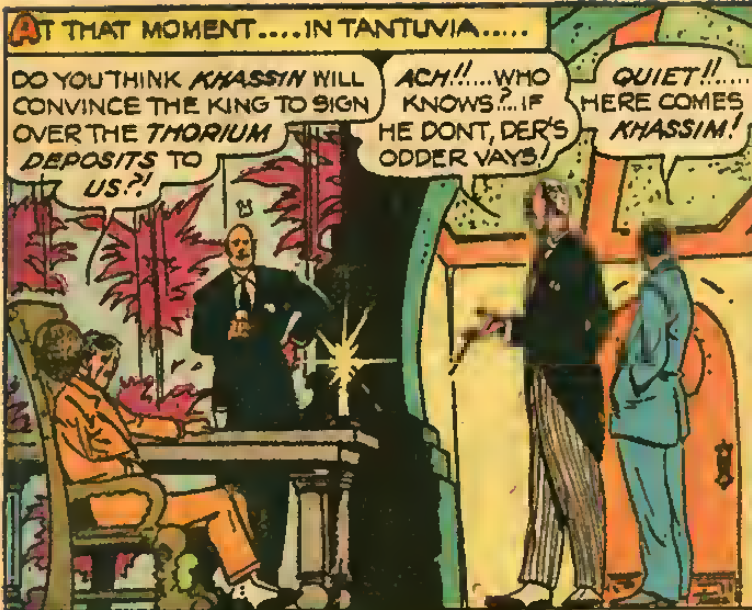


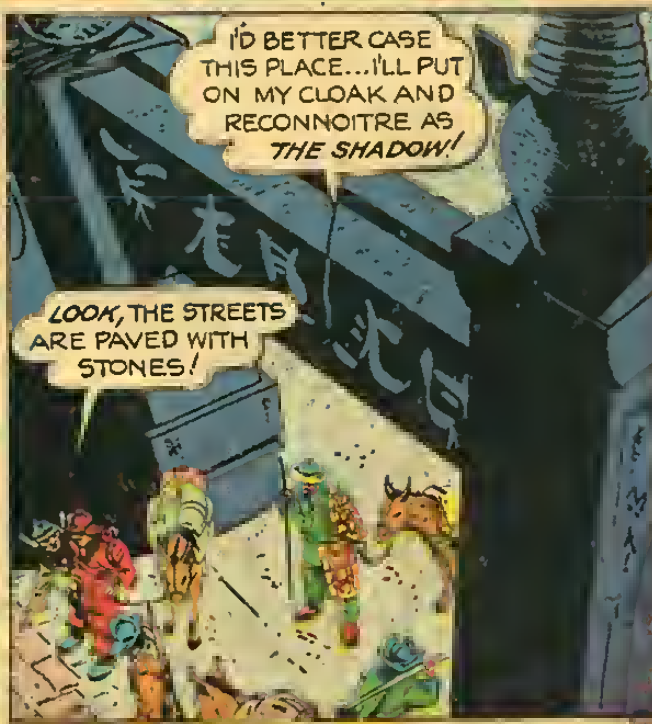
UPON HIS DEATH, THE SWORD WAS INSCRIBED WITH HIS WORDS AND THE SWORD ITSELF COVERED WITH GOLD AND REVERED AS SACRED....



THE SWORD'S POSSESSOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN RECOGNIZED AS KING.....IT IS CONSTANTLY GUARDED AND IF THE KING WERE TO LOSE IT HE WOULD ALSO LOSE HIS THRONE....







BIDDING HIS FRIEND GOODBYE, CRANSTON SLIPS INTO A HIDDEN ALLEY AND TETHERING HIS BURRO, HE TAKES OUT HIS DARK CLOAK AND BECOMES.....

THE SHADOW!



MEANWHILE...THE SHADOW REACHES THE PALACE...



AT THAT MOMENT...IN THE KING'S STUDY.....

NO KHAASSIM! I WILL NEVER SIGN THIS! IT MEANS THERE WILL BE NO PEACE ON EARTH!!

BY THE BEARD OF BABAR, IF YOU DO NOT SIGN YOU WILL NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE!



DO YOUR WORST, TRAITOR, I WILL NOT SIGN!

TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON UNTILL HE IS READY TO SIGN!





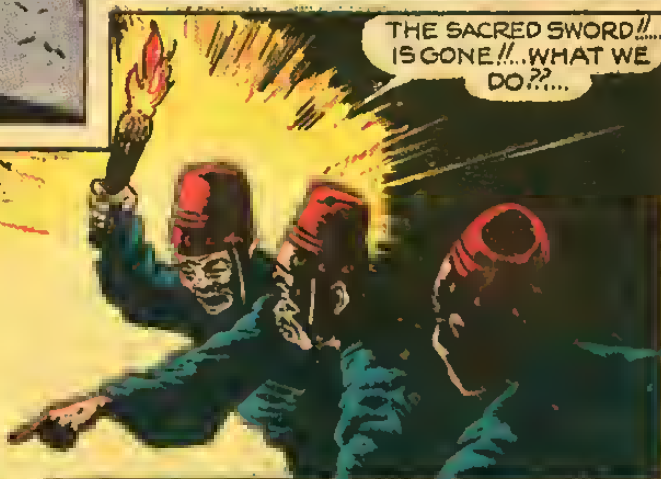
NOW TO GET THE
SACRED SWORD...



EH... BY BABAR'S BEARD...
WHA...???... A LIGHT!!
GIVE US A LIGHT!!...



I CAN ALREADY FEEL
THE NOOSE TICKLING
MY NECK!



THE SACRED SWORD!!
IS GONE!!...WHAT WE
DO??...



THE SACRED SWORD!...WHERE IS IT??...

SOMEBODY SHOOT
OUT LIGHT AND
ESCAPE WITH IT,
YOUR EXCELLENCY!



NOW TO CHANGE COSTUMES
AND HIDE THIS
SWORD!

QUICKLY REMOVING HIS SHADOW CLOAK, CRANSTON RE-DISGUISES HIMSELF AND WITH THE SWORD BENEATH HIS TUNIC RETURNS TO THE STREET.....

HOW FAR, KIND LADY, TO THE *WELL OF SALT WATER*??

ONLY A HUNDRED PACES FURTHER, OLD ONE!



IT'LL BE SAFE *HERE*! NOBODY EVER DRINKS FROM THIS SALT WATER WELL !!



BACK AT THE PALACE, KHAASSIM COACHES THE KING'S DOUBLE.....

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SAY TO PEOPLE?

YES EXCELLENCY, PERFECTLY!

AH, KHAASSIM, WHAT A BRAIN YOU HAVE FOR TREASON!



MEANWHILE THE SHADOW RETURNS TO THE PALACE

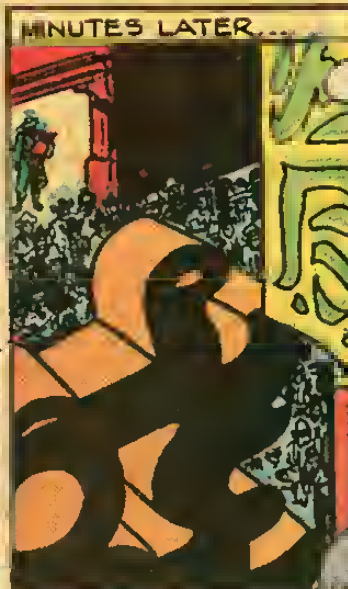
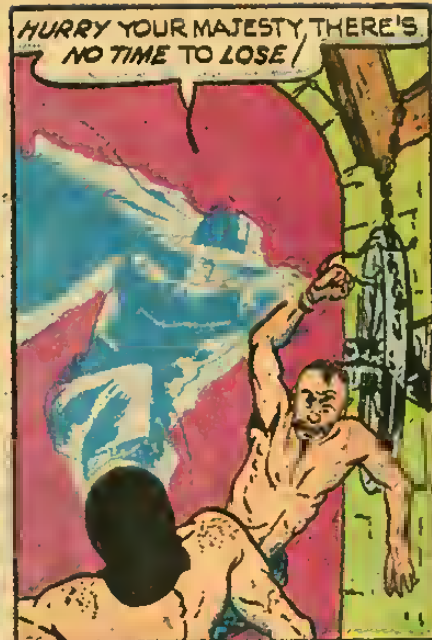
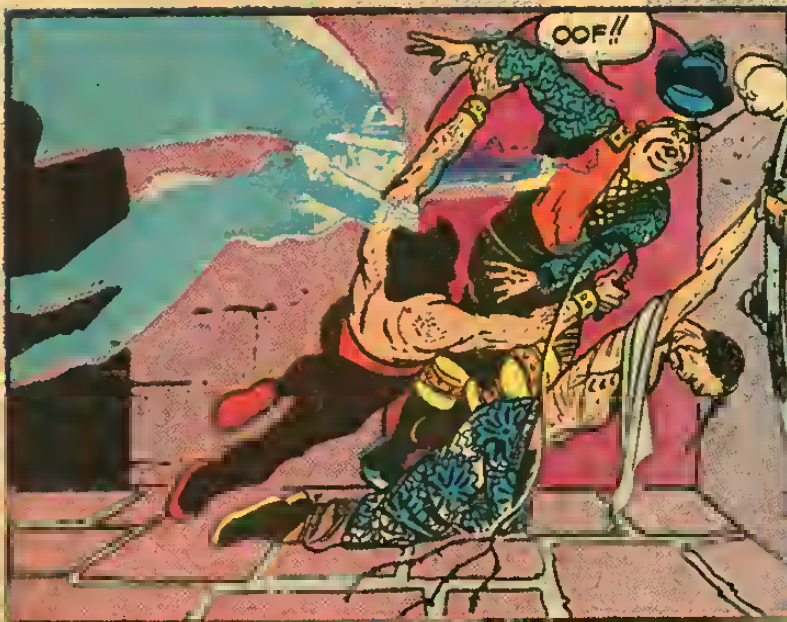
HAVE YOU HEARD OLD ONE? TODAY THE KING WILL PROCLAIM THE SIGNING OF THE *THORIUM TREATY*!

AH, SO?...

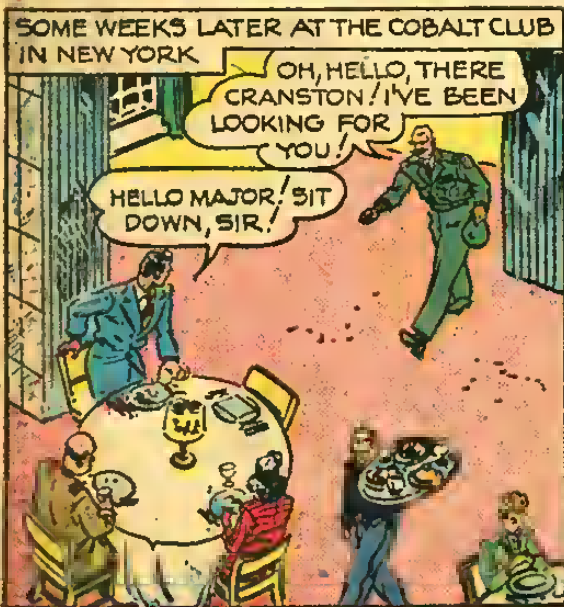
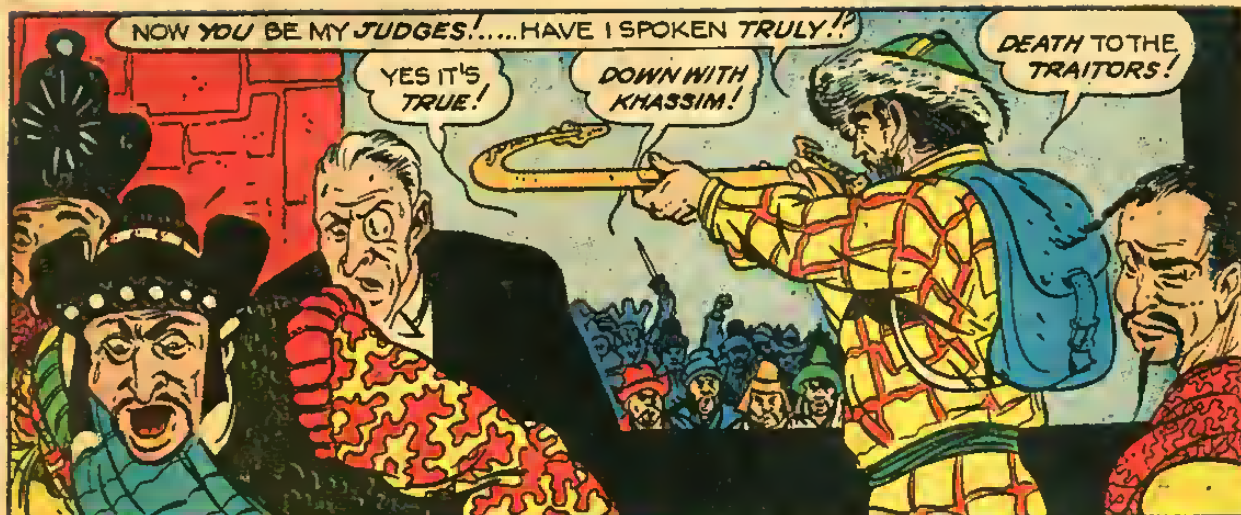


SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO FIND MY WAY TO THE DUNGEON..











Easy Money for You!

CASH AWARD

YES, THE SHADOW PROVED BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THE *SECOND SWORD* WAS THE *REAL ONE*! HOW DID HE DO IT??..... WELL, PERHAPS YOU HAVE AN IDEA!!

WE WILL PAY \$25.00 FOR THE BEST LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 200 WORDS EXPLAINING HOW YOU THINK THE SHADOW PROVED WHICH WAS THE REAL SWORD!!

THE JUDGES WILL BE THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE AND THEIR DECISION SHALL BE FINAL!..... ALL LETTERS MUST BE POSTMARKED PRIOR TO AUGUST 20, 1947, AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM J. DE GROUCHY, EDITOR, STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY, 17, N.Y.

NO LETTER WILL BE RETURNED! THE NAME OF THE WINNER AND OUR OWN SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY WILL BE PUBLISHED IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE OF THE SHADOW COMIC MAGAZINE!!.....

WATCH FOR IT!

Nick Carter!

SHUT THE DOOR ON DEATH !!

TUNE IN EACH WEEK ON NICK
CARTER OVER MUTUAL NETWORK SUN-
DAY EVENING 6:30 P.M. E.S.T. SPON-
SORED BY OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



SOMETHING'S UP NOW.... WHAT?...
HMMM.... KENYON HAS
COMPANY!...



BAROOM!



MEANWHILE.....

IT'S A PLAY YOU
SHOULD SEE, NICK CARTER, ALL ABOUT
EXISTENTIALISM!..... THE PHONE'S
RINGING.... ANSWER
IT, MY PET!



YES, M'AM!.... I HOPE IT'S A CASE!... HELLO?...
OH, HELLO, MATHIEWSON... WHAT?!... YES,
SARGE, I'LL DROP EVERYTHING AND COME
RIGHT DOWN.... BAFFLING,
EH?... BYE!!

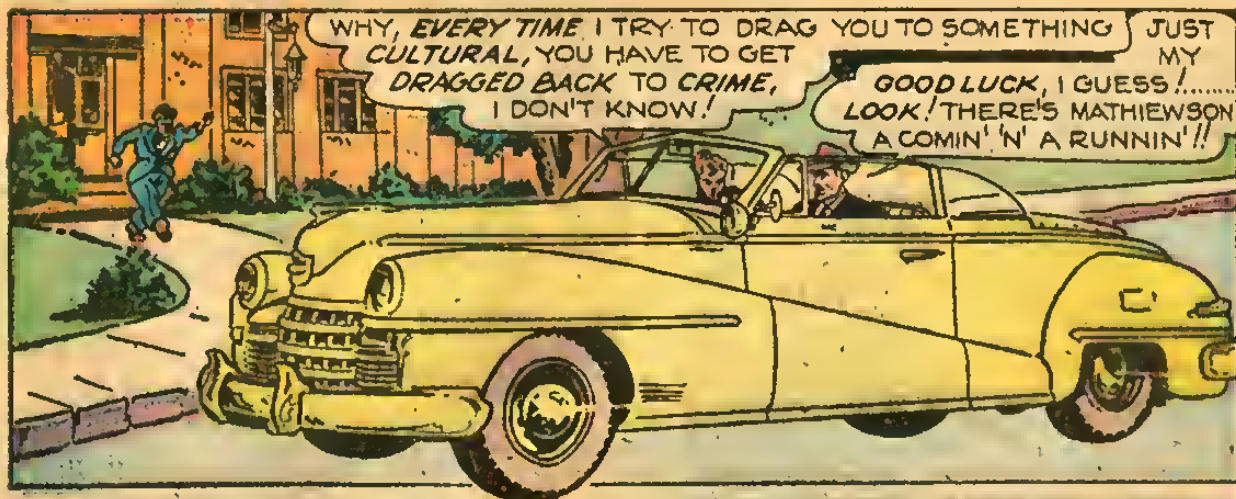
THAT SERGEANT
MATHIEWSON!.... I
COULD WRING HIS
NECK!!



HURRY UP OR THE COMMISSIONER WILL
WRING THE SARGE'S NECK
FOR YOU! HE'S IN A
JAM!

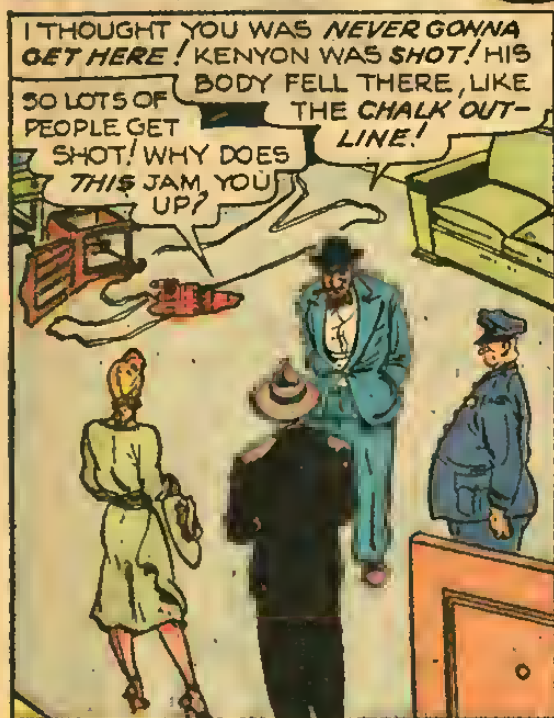
GOOD!





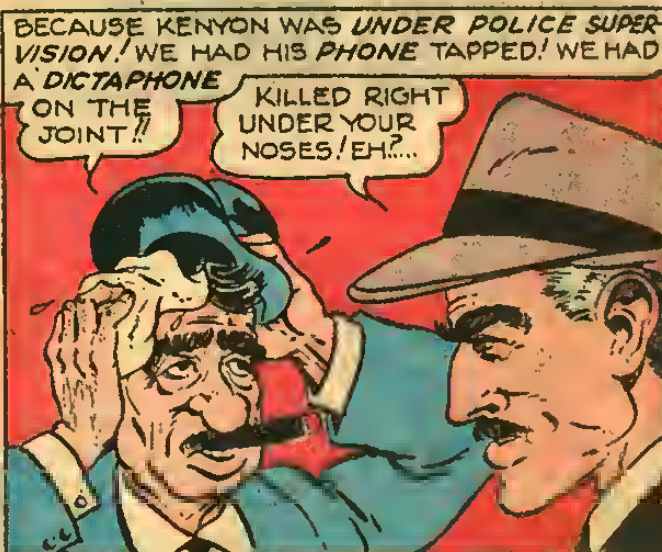
WHY, EVERY TIME I TRY TO DRAG YOU TO SOMETHING CULTURAL, YOU HAVE TO GET DRAGGED BACK TO CRIME, I DON'T KNOW!

JUST MY GOOD LUCK, I GUESS!..... LOOK! THERE'S MATHIEWSON A COMIN' 'N' A RUNNIN'!!



I THOUGHT YOU WAS NEVER GONNA GET HERE! KENYON WAS SHOT! HIS BODY FELL THERE, LIKE THE CHALK OUT-LINE!

SO LOTS OF PEOPLE GET SHOT! WHY DOES THIS JAM YOU UP?



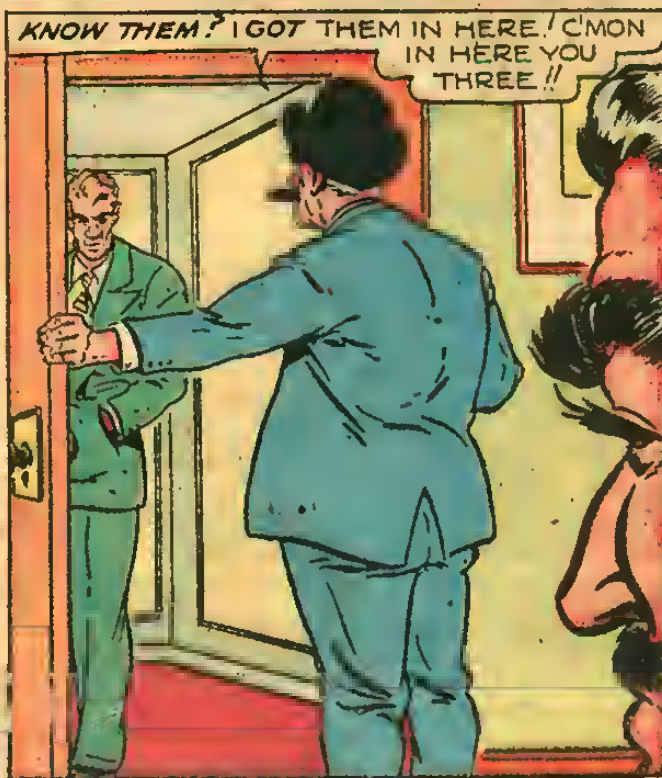
BECAUSE KENYON WAS UNDER POLICE SUPER-VISION! WE HAD HIS PHONE TAPPED! WE HAD A DICTAPHONE ON THE JOINT!!

KILLED RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSES! EH?...



COPS! CAN'T CATCH A KILLER RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES! HMMPH!

YOU KNOW EVERYONE WHO HAS GONE IN AND OUT OF HERE?



KNOW THEM? I GOT THEM IN HERE! C'MON IN HERE YOU THREE!!

TWO MEN AND A GIRL !..... WERE THEY ALL HERE AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER ?
WITHIN MINUTES OF EACH OTHER !!! FIRST THE GAL THEN BRION, THEN GARRON !!! THE FAT ONE'S BRION, THE SKINNY

ONE'S GARRON AND THE DAME IS FIFI LAMOR!



WELL, THEN GARRON MUST BE THE KILLER! WAS KENYON ALIVE WHEN THE OTHER TWO WERE HERE?

DON'CHA THINK I GOT NO BRAINS AT ALL?... THEY ALL SAY HE WAS DEAD!



WHY WAS THE APARTMENT BEING OBSERVED?

DOPE RING!



WE HAVE MOVIES OF THEM COMING AND GOING... I'LL GET HIM!.....

HEY!



SARGE!..... GRAB NICK HE'LL FALL OUT THE WINDOW!...

NAH! THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE OUT THERE!



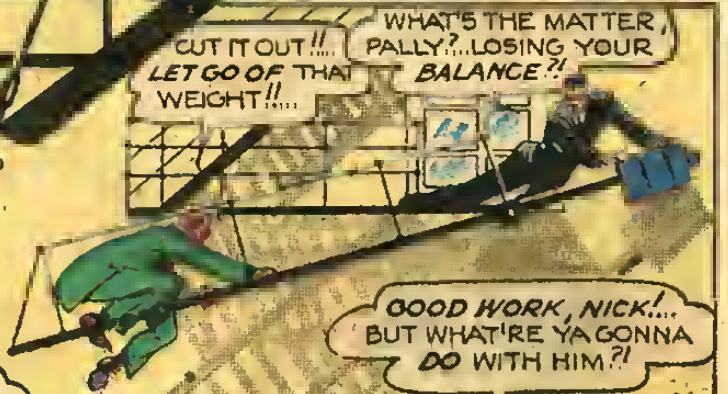
IF I CAN GET TO THE ASCENSOR'S
COUNTER BALANCE IN TIME, I
MAY BE ABLE TO PREVENT
HIM FROM GETTING DOWN!!



MADE IT!!!... NOW WHAT'RE YOU GOING
TO DO, MY LITTLE FRIEND?..
WHAT TH'...? THE
LADDER WONT GO
DOWN!!



CUT IT OUT!!!
LET GO OF THAT
WEIGHT!!...
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
PALLY?... LOSING YOUR
BALANCE?!



GOOD WORK, NICK!!!
BUT WHAT'RE YA GONNA
DO WITH HIM?!

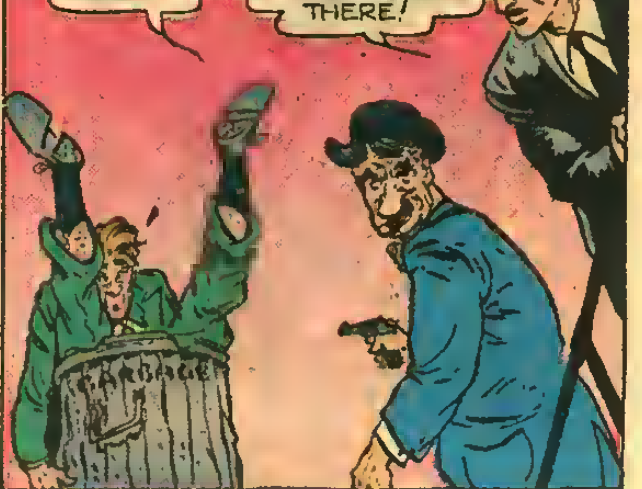
CLEVER!!! YESSIR!!! REAL CLEVER, HIS
HOLDIN' THE WEIGHT THAT WAY SO'S
THAT PLUG-UGLY CAN'T GET THE
LADDER DOWN!!! YESSIR!!

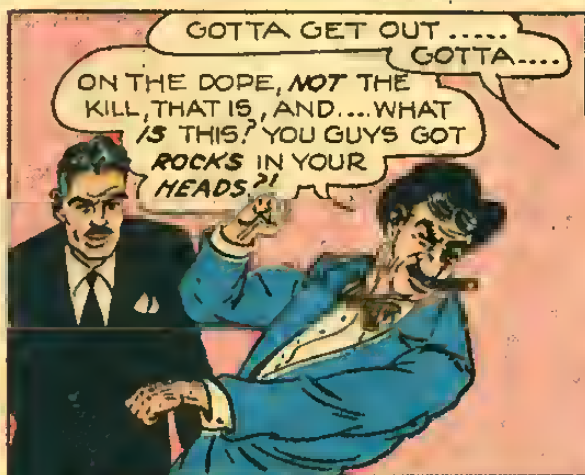


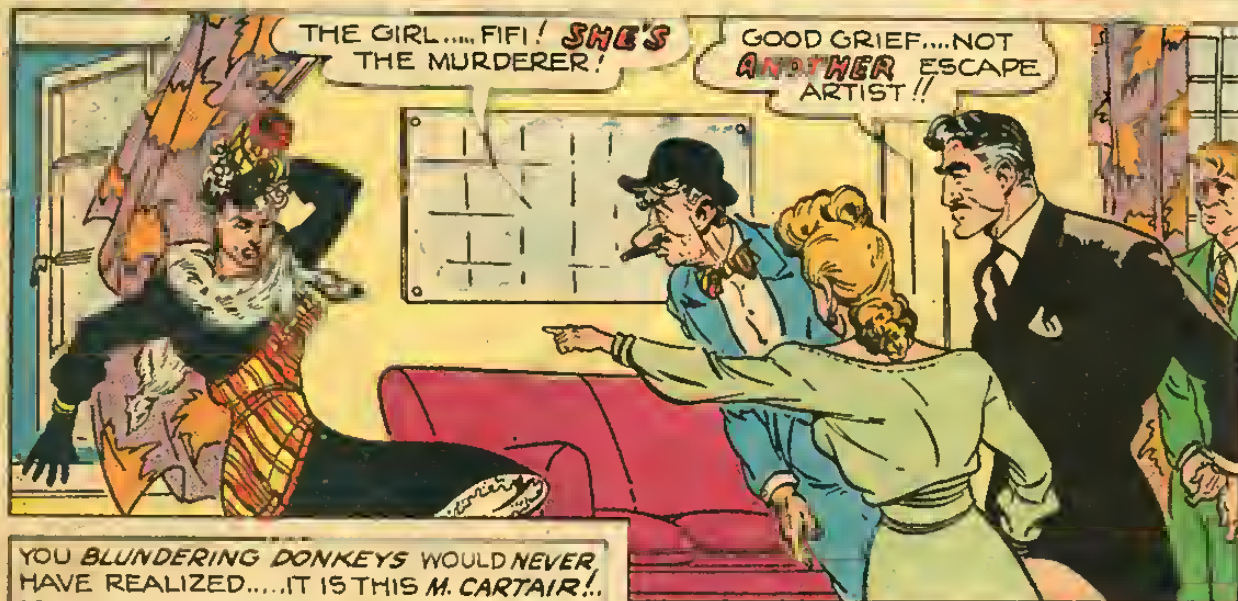
ANSWER HIS REQUEST!
HE SAID LET GO... SO
THERE!!!... I DID!!



BULL'S EYE, NICK!!! GIMME Y' RIGHT!!
A HAND 'N' WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO TH'
ROOM! BUT HE LOOKS
MORE NATURAL
THERE!







GIVE HER A START, YOUR MEN WILL GET HER DOWNSTAIRS!

BUT THE NEWS-PAPERS.....WHAT THEY'LL DO TO ME!



HER HAND IS GONE!...NOW.....

SHE'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!!

NAH...BUT THE COM-MISSIONER

WILL WANT MINE!
OH...WHY DID I EVER BECOME A COP?



LET'S SEE HOW GOOD HER AIM IS!!



THE ONE SOUND IS THE GUN SHOT.....BUT WHAT'S THE OTHER?

CRASH
BOOM



UGH!....DON'T LOOK PATSY! THE CHAIR THREW HER OFF BALANCE! SHE FELL ALL THE WAY.....AND SHE WAS THE KILLER!....BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?



KENYON WITH HIS LAST BREATH TOLD YOU WHO THE KILLER WAS!!...BUT YOUR DIMWITTED COP DIDN'T KNOW IT!

KENYON DIDN'T SAY 'SHUT D'DOOR'...HE SAID IN FRENCH TO HIS FIANCE 'JE T'ADORE'.....IT MEANS I LOVE YOU!! IT'S PRONOUNCED ALMOST THE SAME WAY-ZHU TADOOR



INNER CIRCLE



"IT'S ALL DONE WITH THE SLEEVES..."

THE members of the Inner Circle squirmed and wriggled in their seats waiting for the meeting to begin. Mr. Carter was there, up on the podium. He was looking at his wristwatch impatiently. Evidently he was waiting for young Chick just as were the members of the Inner Circle.

Time passed and finally Nick Carter stood up. He said, "Chick was supposed to tell the tale today. But since he hasn't put in an appearance..." His voice trailed off. Chick walked in looking sheepish.

"What held you up?" Nick asked his foster son.

"Umm... maybe that better be the subject of today's meeting," Chick said still looking foolish.

"How so?" Nick asked.

"It's a perfect example of not minding one's business. I was on my way to the meeting with plenty of time on my hands when I walked past a big department store downtown, you know... and I remembered I needed some shirts..."

"So," said Chick, "I meandered in and looked around for the shirt counter."

"EMPTY HANDS..."

"It was then I saw this man. He was about fifty—seedy looking, rather nice gentle face. He was looking at some real fancy fountain pens. He had one in his hands. The sales girl turned her back for a second... his hands moved strangely... and... the pen was gone!

"When the sales girl turned back she must have thought he'd replaced the pen on the counter. She paid no attention as he wandered off."

"A shoplifter!" Nick said.

"Precisely, what I figured," agreed Chick. "I followed him. He looked at wristwatches and one vanished. He looked at rings... and two disappeared off his hands that time."

"Why didn't you interfere?" Beef called out

from the audience. "Why didn't you nab him?"

"Ah... a good point... and in that silly comedy of errors I became involved in, I am glad that I at least knew enough not to do just that!"

"You see," Nick explained, "there's a law about shoplifting that the thief cannot be arrested till he leaves the building. Up till that time, silly as it may sound, the law holds that the thief may be honest, may be going to pay for the article... only when they leave the building, then they are thieves and may be arrested."

"I knew that," Chick said, "and knew that if I put the arm on the shoplifter he could arrest me for false arrest. So I followed him around the department store. He made quite a haul!"

"TRAILER..."

"I followed him and was sure he was about to leave the store, when suddenly, right near the exit, he turned on his heel and walked towards an escalator. He went on it with me a few feet behind him. We went up the escalator."

"Then, and this is where I started to get confused, he went towards the door which had a brass plate on it. The brass plate read, 'MANAGER.' Now, remember I knew this guy had a load of loot on him that would sink him if he fell in the water, and there he was waltzing into the store manager's office."

"I couldn't make up my mind what to do. He went in through the door leaving me on the outside with my face hanging out!"

"CONTRETEMPS!"

"Finally I couldn't stand it any more. I went in through the door too! And there, to my amazement, in front of the manager's desk stood the shoplifter! He was talking to the manager. He was saying, 'Now sir, I want

you to know that the precautions in this store against shoplifting are pathetic!"

Chick turned to Nick, "Dad, I don't think ever in my life was I so surprised!"

"I can see that you would be," Nick said. "Go on, what happened?"

That was the question that was uppermost in the minds of the members of the Inner Circle too!

"Well . . ." Chick said and then took a drink of water, "I stood there stupidly, while the manager looked up at me and said, 'Well? What can I do for you?'"

"I muttered something about having seen the man steal some odds and ends. Then I got another surprise. The shoplifter turned to me and said, 'Aha! At least there's someone in your organization with eyes in his head!'"

"The manager said, 'He isn't in my organization, go on with what you were saying.'"

"OBJECT LESSON!"

"The man didn't say anything, instead he shook his sleeves over the manager's desk. A rain of stolen objects poured out on the desk. Fountain pens, watches, rings. . . . The manager's eyes popped open I can tell you!"

"The man said, 'I stole everyone of these things from counters in your store. Not one of your spotters saw me do it! Now, sir.' Before the shoplifter could go on, the manager said, 'Whoa, why are you telling me all this? Are you confessing that you are a crook?' The man shook his head. Then he took out a card and handed it to the manager. The manager read it aloud in a stunned voice, 'DEPARTMENT STORE PROTECTIVE SERVICE.'"

Nick chuckled, "I get the gag now. Very cute indeed!"

But the rest of the members were still puzzled. What was the gag?

Chick explained, "The shoplifter then went into his pitch. He told the manager that if he could steal things that simply, then so could other people. For a slight fee, he would give a lecture to the employees on how to be on guard against shoplifting!"

"The manager looked down on the heap of stolen things on his desk and then said, 'You're hired. My people can certainly use a lecture like yours!'"

"The man grinned, made arrangements to return and give the lecture and then left with me. When we got outside I got into a chat with him. The gag was that he used to be a magician!"

"WITH THE SLEEVES!"

"When he looked at a fountain pen, he held it in one hand. His other hand with the sleeve gaping open was facing the pen. When the shop girl looked away he shot the pen up his sleeve so fast that the eye could not follow it! He chuckled when he told me about it. He said, 'All the time I was a legitimate magician everyone always said I did my tricks with my sleeves. Really I didn't use them at all. Now that I'm not a magician anymore, I use them and fool people more than I used to with my act!'"

"Those were my last words with him," Chick said. "I walked away realizing that I was late for the meeting, feeling like a fool."

"You shouldn't," Nick said, "that's a very cute gag."

"But suppose," Beef called up from the audience, "that a store detective or spotter had seen him at work!"

"That's the true beauty of the gag," Nick said. "Remember Chick was afraid to pinch him until he left the store? Well that's his protection. No spotter would bother him till he did leave the store!"

"Sure, the whole thing is foolproof!"

"Much too foolproof!" Nick said. "You let him get away, didn't you?"

"Huh?" Chick said and looked dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

"That could be a legitimate racket. I can see how other men could do it honestly, but the man who's operating in this town is a crook! That's the reason I was in a hurry for you to get here. The other stores in town are screaming to the cops that they've been taken by a shoplifter for a wad!"

Doc. Savage

Pieces
of Fate!

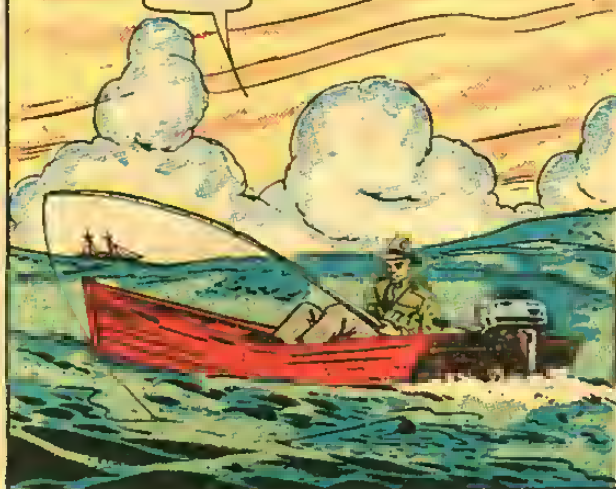


POWELL



IT WAS PREPOSTEROUS THAT'S ALL!
THERE JUST AREN'T ANY PIRATES TODAY
AND THAT'S ALL. BUT....THEY WERE
PIRATES... VICIOUS ONES...WHAT MADE
IT WORSE WAS THAT THEY HAD MONK
A PRISONER!

IT MUST BE OUT HERE.....THAT'S
ALL THERE IS TO
IT!!





IF I READ THIS RIGHT,
THIS SHIP MUST BE
IT.....

"DOC SAVAGE, THE *LESS SAVAGE*
YOU ARE, THE *MORE LIKELY* IT
IS THAT YOUR FRIEND *MONK*
WILL LIVE!" SIGNED *BLACK*
BATTEN.....IF THAT WAS
ALL I HAD TO GO
ON, I'D BE
LICKED!.....



IF I COULD ONLY BE *SURE*
THAT IT WAS *MONK* WHO
PUT THE *PIECES OF WOOD*
IN THE ENVELOPE.....BUT,
HE *MUST*
HAVE!



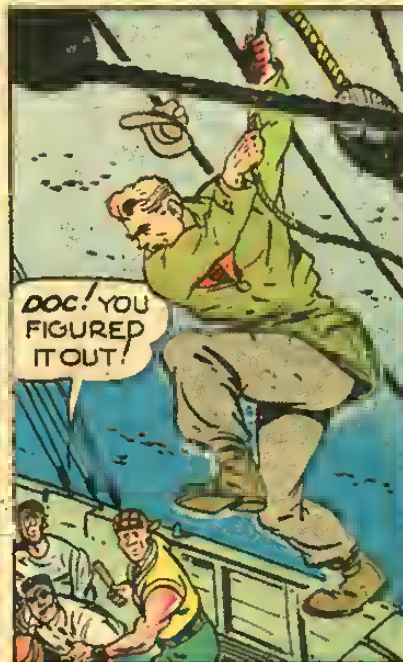
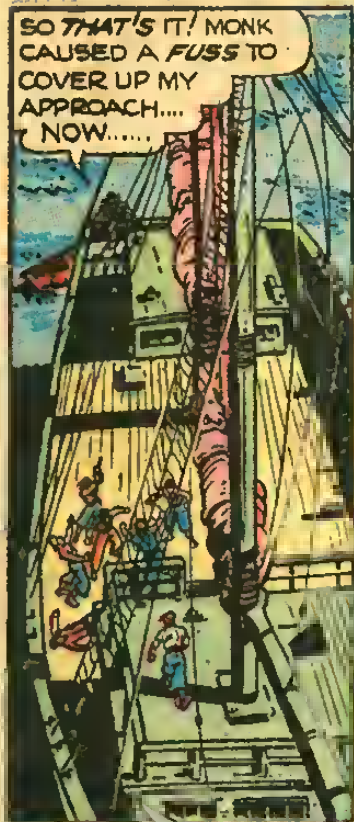
I WONDER IF
THEY *SUSPECT*
YET.....

THE *NAME* CORRESPONDS,
AND THERE ARE NO
OTHER SHIPS
AROUND WHOSE
NAME S *DO*
FIT.....



FUNNY! I WONDER WHY
I HAVEN'T BEEN
SPOTTED YET.....
I THOUGHT
THEY'D BE
SHOOTING
AT ME BY
NOW.....PER-
HAPS I'M
WRONG!





WE CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL MONK!!...
LEAP OVERSIDE AND GET THE HARBOR
PATROL....BOAT'S AT THE
STERN!!

BUT.....
WHAT ABOUT
YOU?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! GET GOING!

ALL RIGHT, BUT
I DON'T LIKE
IT!

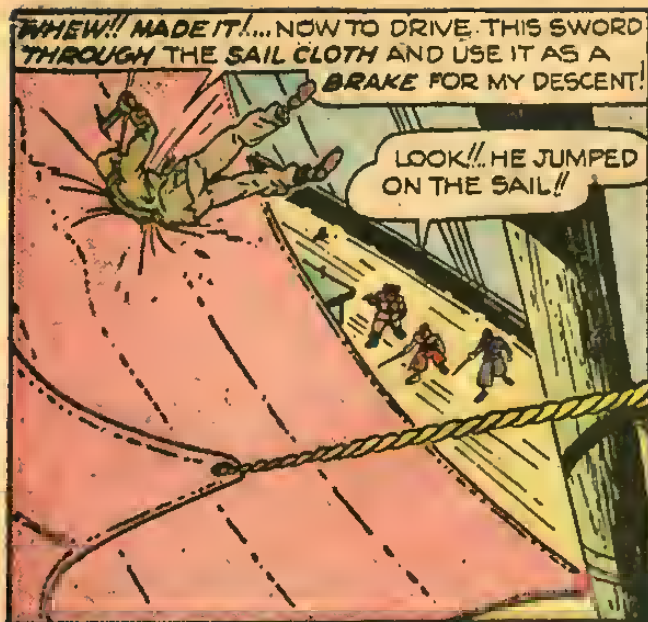
AVAST YE SCUTS!
WHAT'RE YE
DOIN'?

TRYIN' TO
CATCH THE
JUMPIN'
JACK,
CAPTAIN!!

STOP USING YER
TOYS ON HIM...
THAT'S DOC SAVAGE!
SHOOT HIM DOWN!

HMMM.....THIS IS
GETTING
NASTY!

I HOPE THIS WORKS!!



WHEW!! MADE IT!...NOW TO DRIVE THIS SWORD THROUGH THE SAIL CLOTH AND USE IT AS A BRAKE FOR MY DESCENT!

LOOK!! HE JUMPED ON THE SAIL!!



PERFECT!! IT'S SLOWING ME DOWN JUST ENOUGH!!

YA DUMMIES, DON'T STAND AROUND! GRAB HIM! WE CAN'T SAIL NOW WITH A SLIT SHEET!

BBBBBUT...HE'S TOUGH!



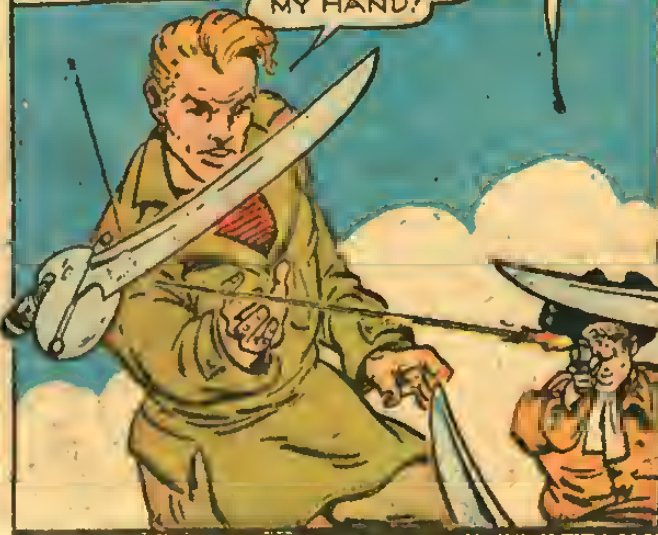
MONK BETTER GET A WIGGLE ON, OR THIS IS GOING TO BE THE END OF ONE DOC SAVAGE!

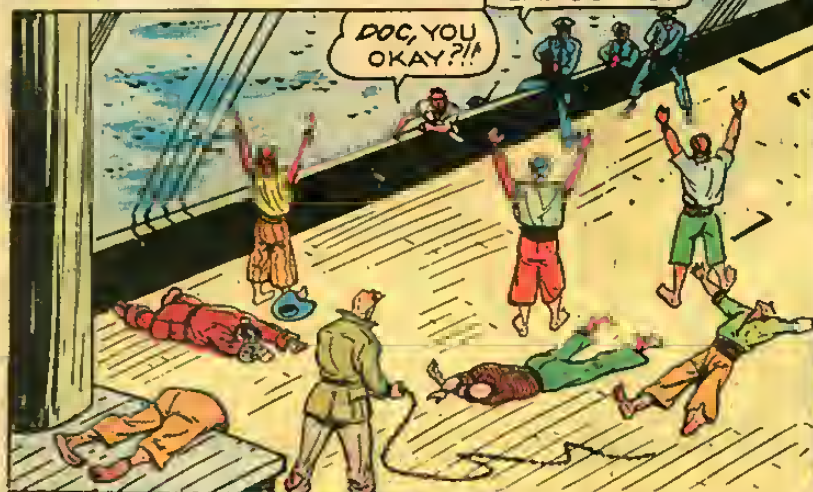
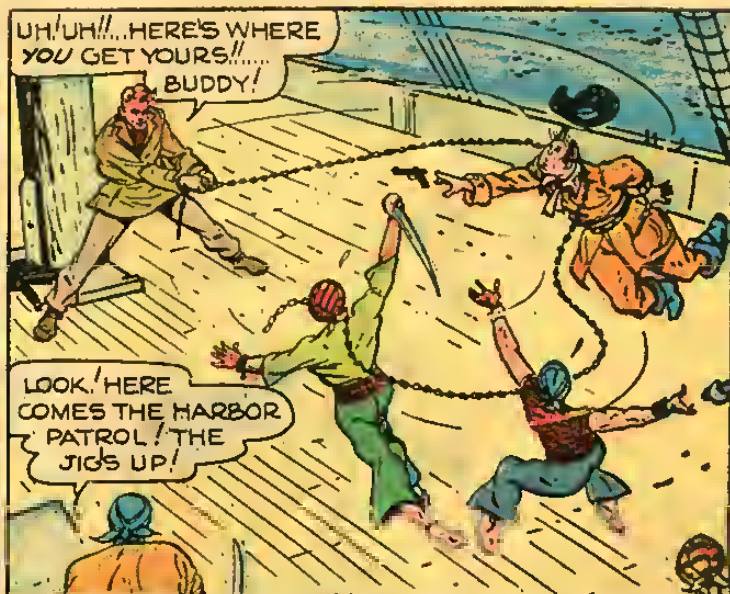
NOW YE GOT HIM! SPLIT HIM IN QUARTERS!



BLAST THE SCUTS, THEY'RE NOT WORTH THE POWDER TO BLAST THEM!!...I'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM MYSELF!!

WHA...?!... BLAST HIM!... HE SHOT MY SWORD RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!





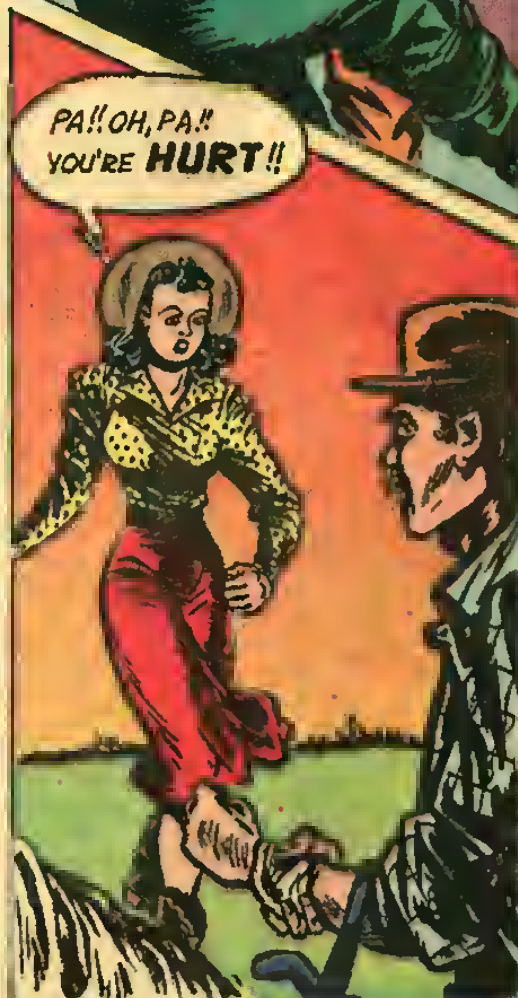




• WHO IS THIS STRANGER? NOBODY KNOWS... NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM BEFORE - AND NO ONE SEES HIM AGAIN - AT LEAST, FOR A FEW DAYS!!



• MEANWHILE... UP ON PA MORTON'S LONELY LITTLE RANCH, WHERE PA LIVES WITH HIS DAUGHTER, BESS... BESS WATCHES HER FATHER RIDE HOME AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.....



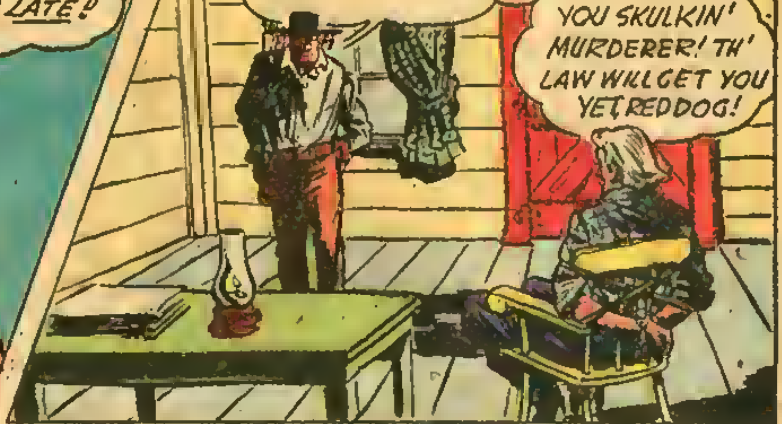


① ..PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU'D GOT RID OF ME FER GOOD, EH, MORTON? AFTER I MISSED YA THIS AFTERNOON, I FOLLOWED YA HERE... I KNOWED YOU'D SEND FER HELP... BUT THAT HELP'S GONNA BE TOO LATE!

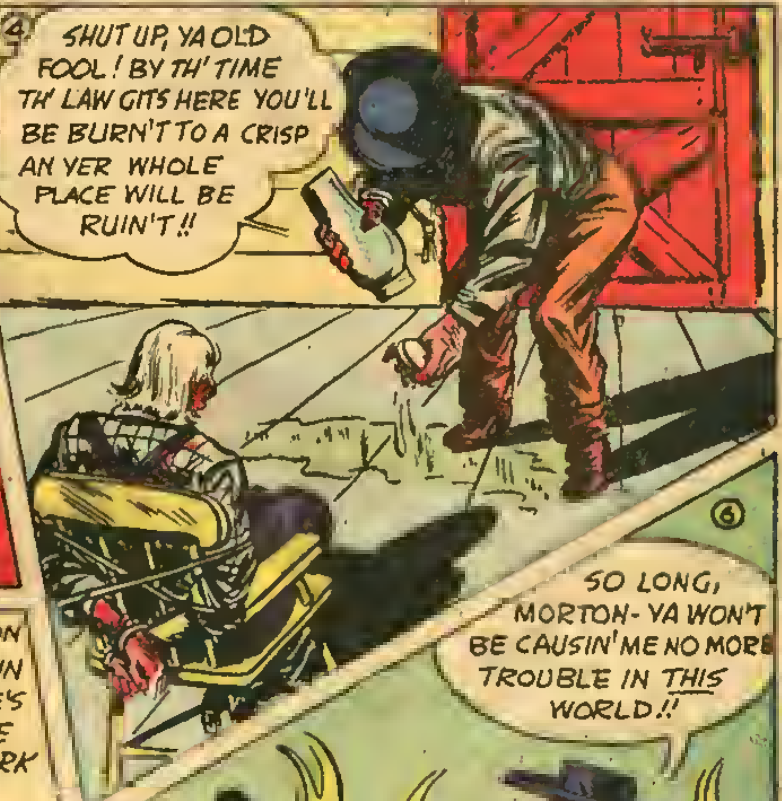


② YA GOT ME SENT UP FER MURDER, MORTON- YA RUINED ME! BUT YA CAN'T KEEP OL' RED DOG IN JAIL- AN' NOW I'M GONNA RUIN YOU!

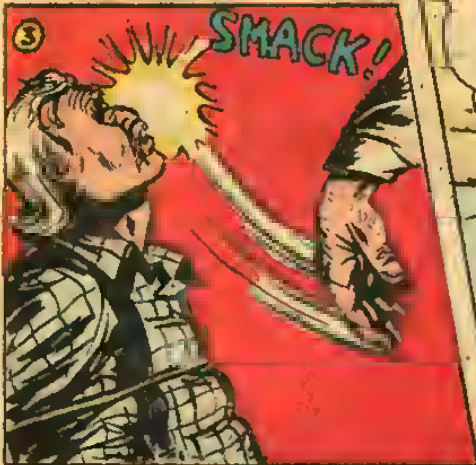
YOU SKULKIN' MURDERER! TH' LAW WILL GET YOU YET, RED DOG!



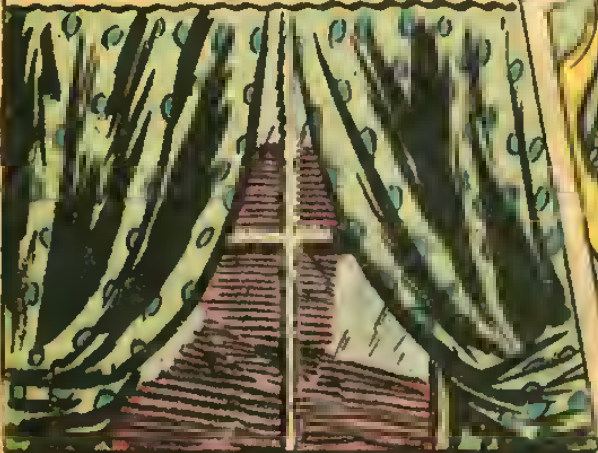
④ SHUT UP, YA OLD FOOL! BY TH' TIME TH' LAW GITS HERE YOU'LL BE BURN'T TO A CRISP AN' YER WHOLE PLACE WILL BE RUIN'T!!



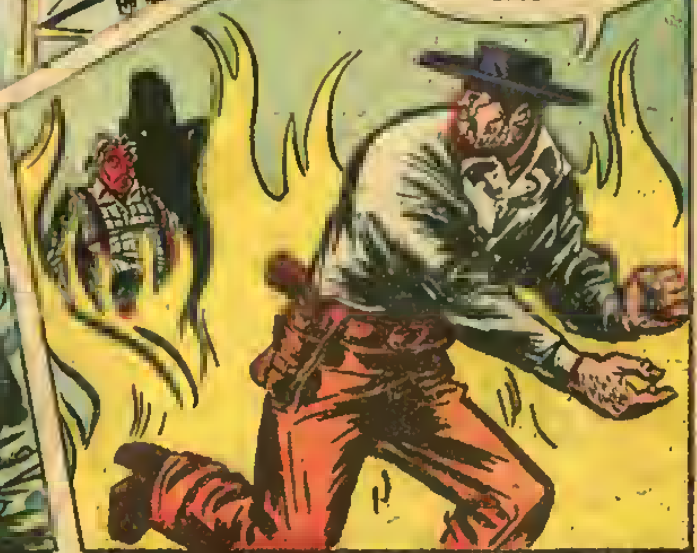
③ **SMACK!**

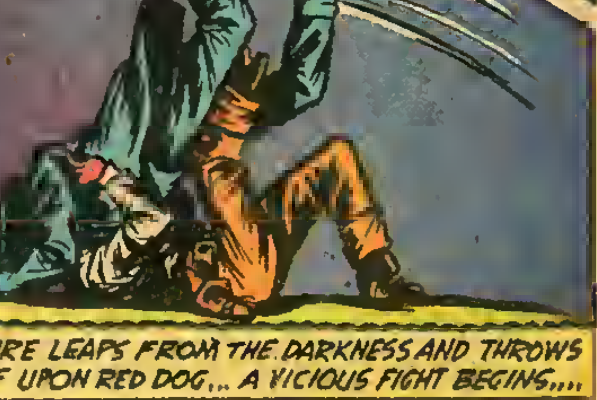
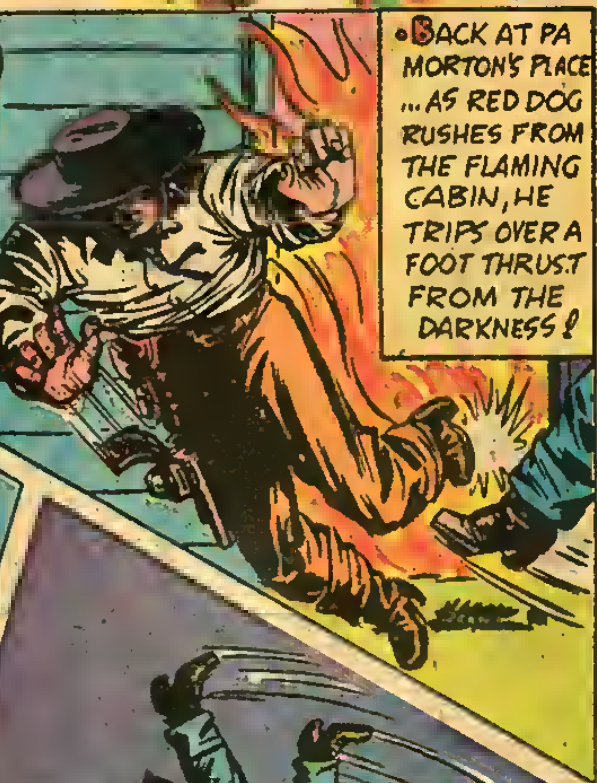


⑤ **RED DOG** POURS KEROSENE ON THE FLOOR OF PA MORTON'S CABIN AND SETS FIRE TO IT! BUT, HE'S TOO BUSY TO NOTICE THE FACE PEERING IN THROUGH THE DARK WINDOW.... !!



⑥ SO LONG, MORTON- YA WON'T BE CAUSIN' ME NO MORE TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD!!





① **RED DOG GETS TO HIS FEET AND SLUGS -**
FOR A TIME IT LOOKS AS IF HE WILL WIN
UNTIL....



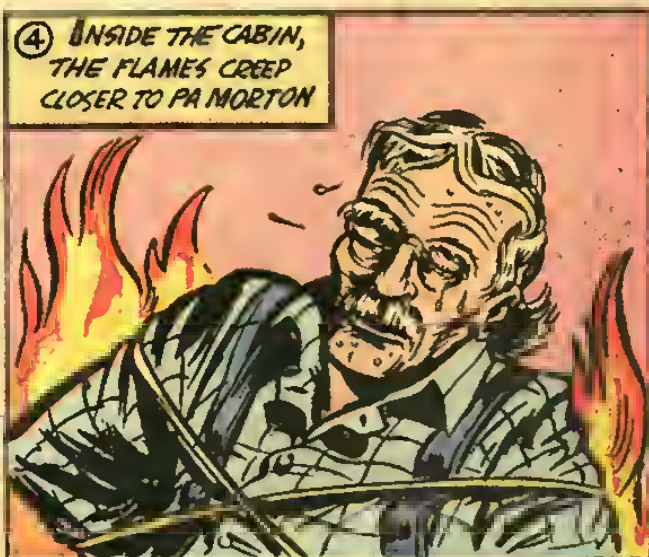
②



③ **RED DOG GOES DOWN, KNOCKED COLD -**
HE'S TOUGH, BUT THE STRANGER IS
TOUGHER!! THE STRANGER TIES RED
DOG WITH HIS OWN ROPE...



④ **INSIDE THE CABIN,**
THE FLAMES CREEP
CLOSER TO PA MORTON

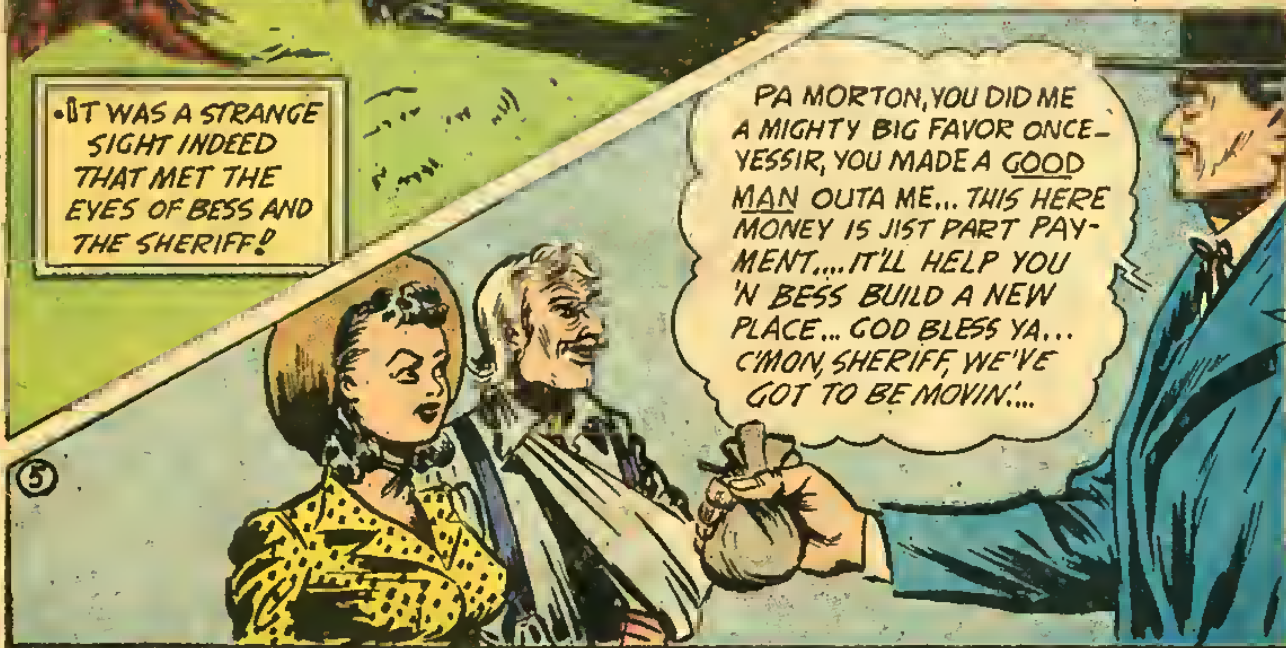


⑤



⑥

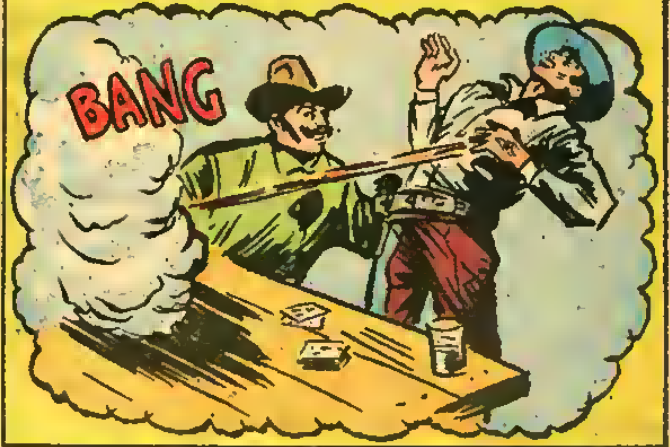




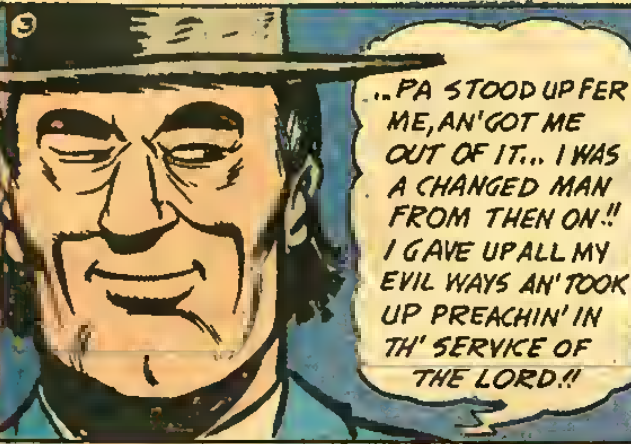
① YOU SEE, SHERIFF, THERE'S A STORY ABOUT TONIGHT... YEARS AGO, WHEN PA MORTON WAS THE SHERIFF DOWN IN LAREDO COUNTY, I WAS A DRINKIN', GAMBLIN', FIGHTIN' SON-OF-A-GUN.... ONE NIGHT I WAS MIXED UP IN A PURTY HOT CARD GAME....



② "THERE WAS SOME SHOOTIN'- AND A MAN WAS KILLED.... IT WAS A FRAME-UP, AND EVERYBODY THOUGHT I WAS THE KILLER- EVERYBODY BUT PA MORTON!"



③ ...PA STOOD UP FER ME, AN' GOT ME OUT OF IT... I WAS A CHANGED MAN FROM THEN ON!! I GAVE UP ALL MY EVIL WAYS AN' TOOK UP PREACHIN' IN TH' SERVICE OF THE LORD!!



④ OH, YES... I ALMOST FORGOT! DO YOU KNOW WHO WAS THE REAL KILLER THAT NIGHT IN LAREDO? OL' RED DOG !!! GIDDAP, "SIN"... SO LONG, SHERIFF- SEE YOU IN CHURCH!!

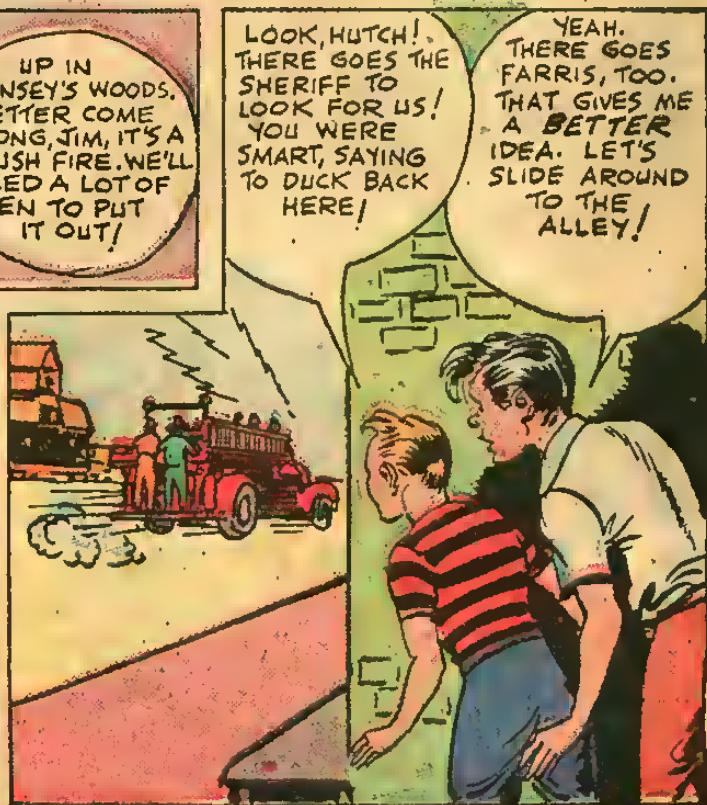
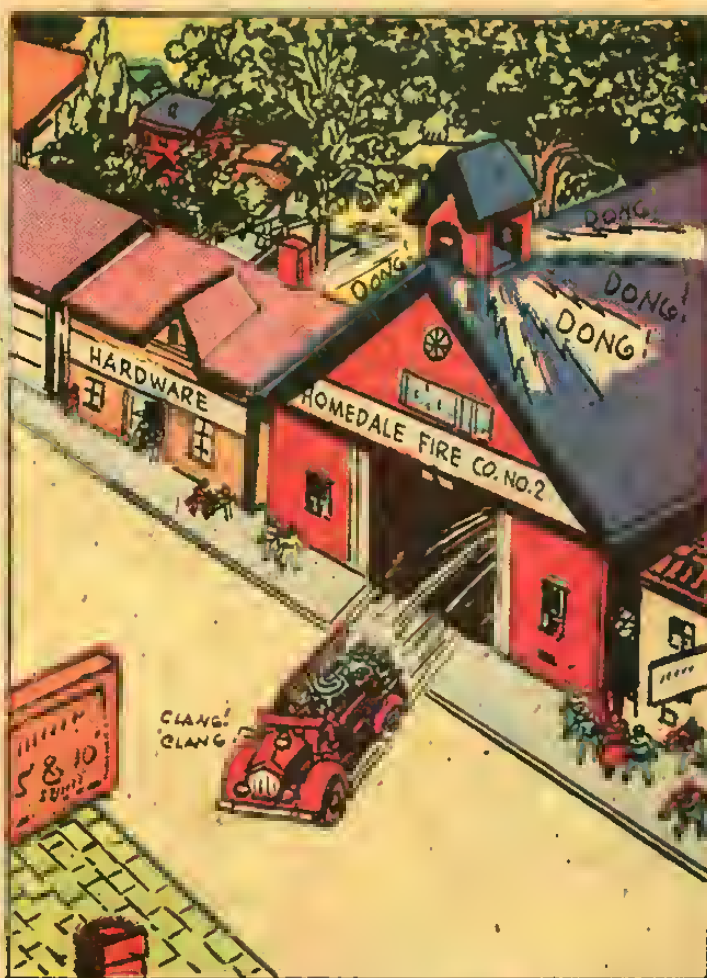
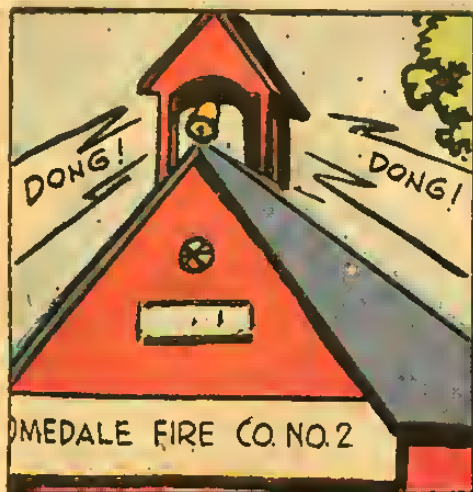


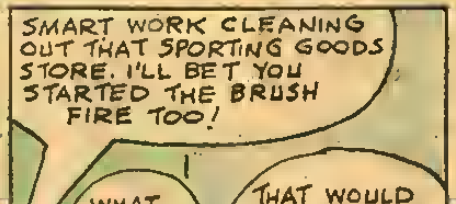
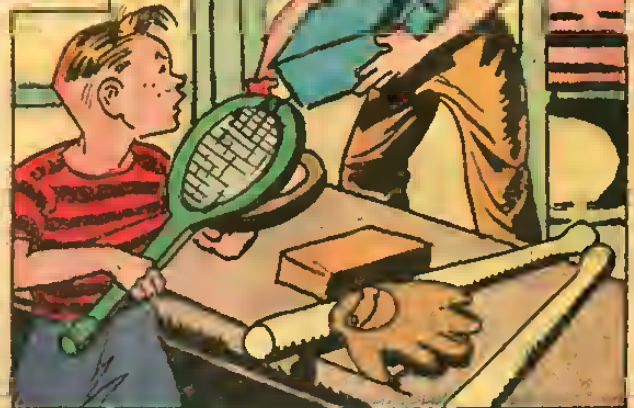
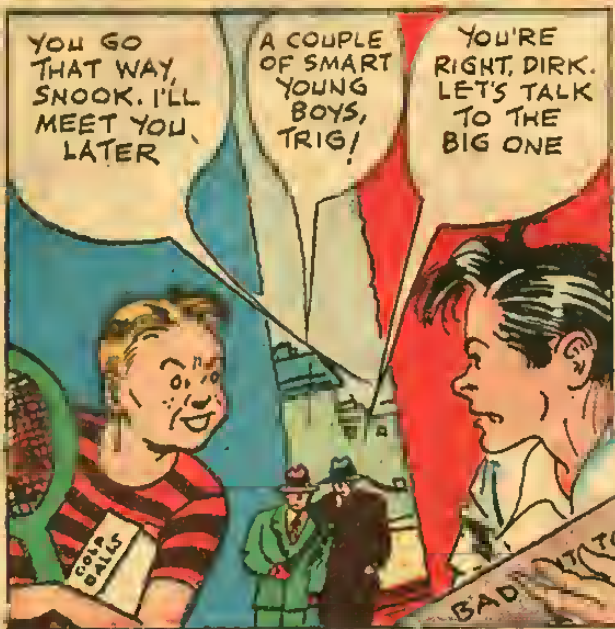
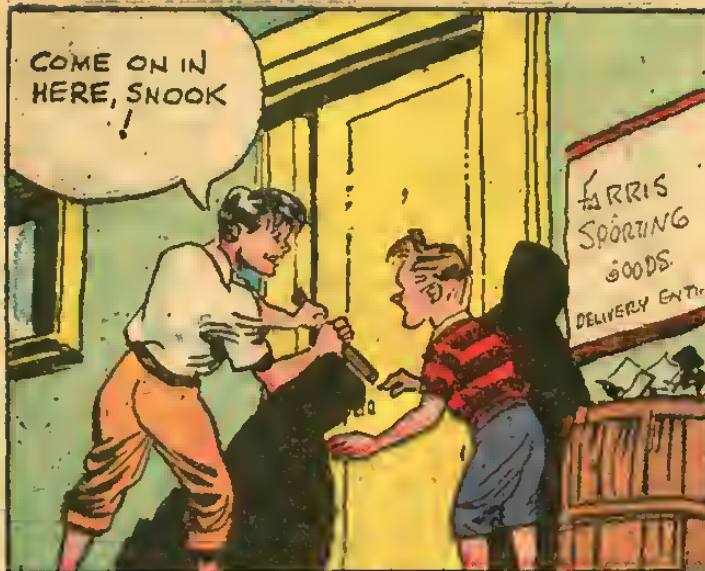
⑤ I'M RIDIN' HERD ON OL' BLACK "SIN", AN' I WON'T GIT THROWN IF I REIN HIM IN-N-N-N...

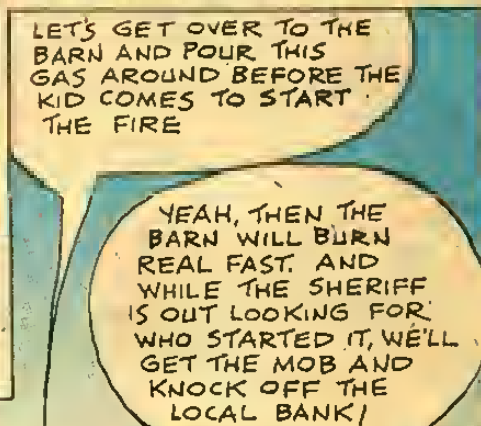
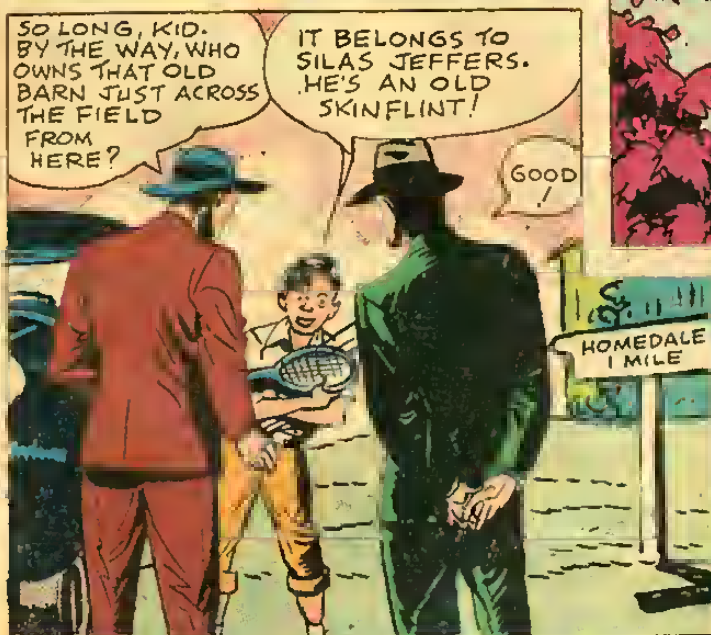
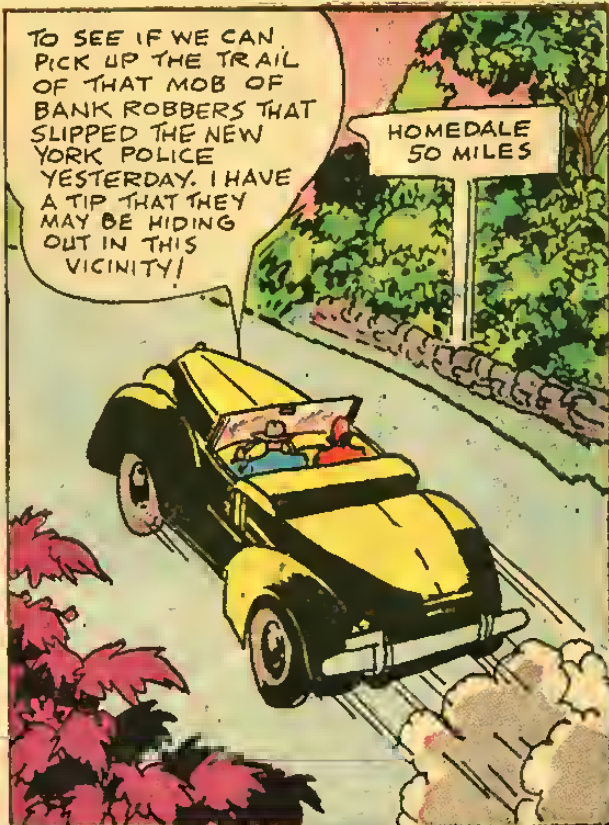




EVERY YEAR, GREAT LOSSES ARE SUFFERED BOTH IN LARGE CITIES AND SMALL TOWNS BY THE VICIOUS WORK OF PEOPLE KNOWN AS "FIRE BUGS" WHO DELIBERATELY START FIRES... THE FIRE BUG IS A CRIMINAL. THE CRIME THAT HE COMMITS IS CALLED ARSON AND CARRIES SEVERE PENALTIES. HOWEVER PRANKISH THE FIRE BUG MAY BE, HE SOON REALIZES THAT HE HAS DONE WRONG AND THEREFORE DOES NOT HESITATE TO COMMIT OTHER MISDEEDS, ALONG WITH SETTING FIRES... BUT WHAT THE FIRE BUG SELDOM RECOGNIZES IS THAT ARSON CAN BECOME A GREATER CRIME... EVEN THAT OF MURDER... AS THIS STORY SHOWS!





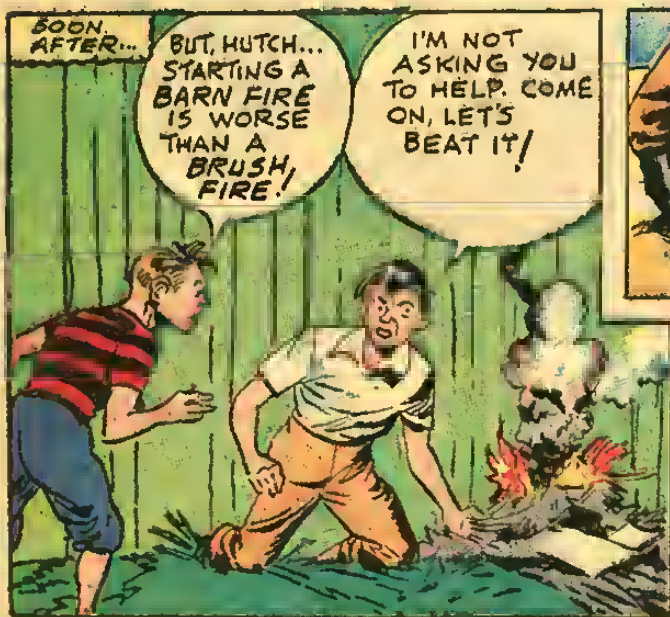




HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



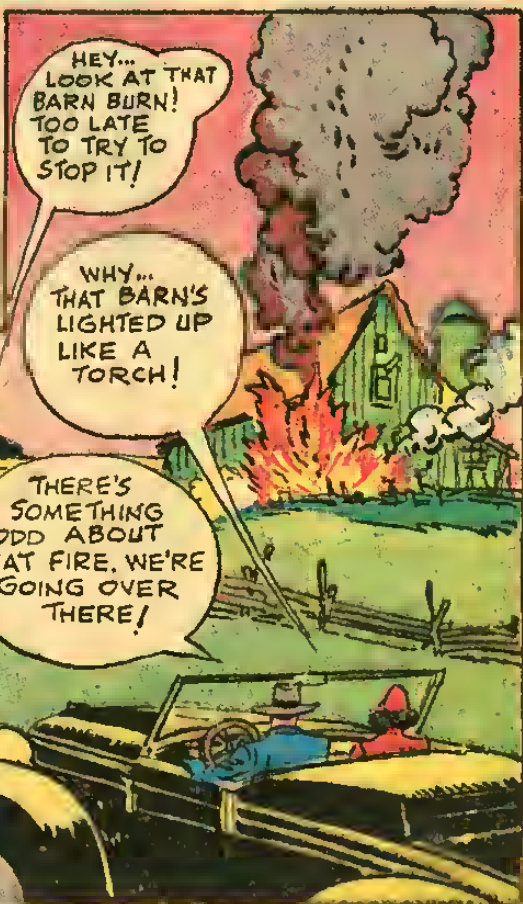
NICE WORK! LET'S GET HIM UP INTO THE HAYLOFT, AND LEAVE HIM THERE... JUST IN CASE HE REMEMBERS MY FACE!



SOON AFTER...

BUT, HUTCH... STARTING A BARN FIRE IS WORSE THAN A BRUSH FIRE!

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO HELP. COME ON, LET'S BEAT IT!



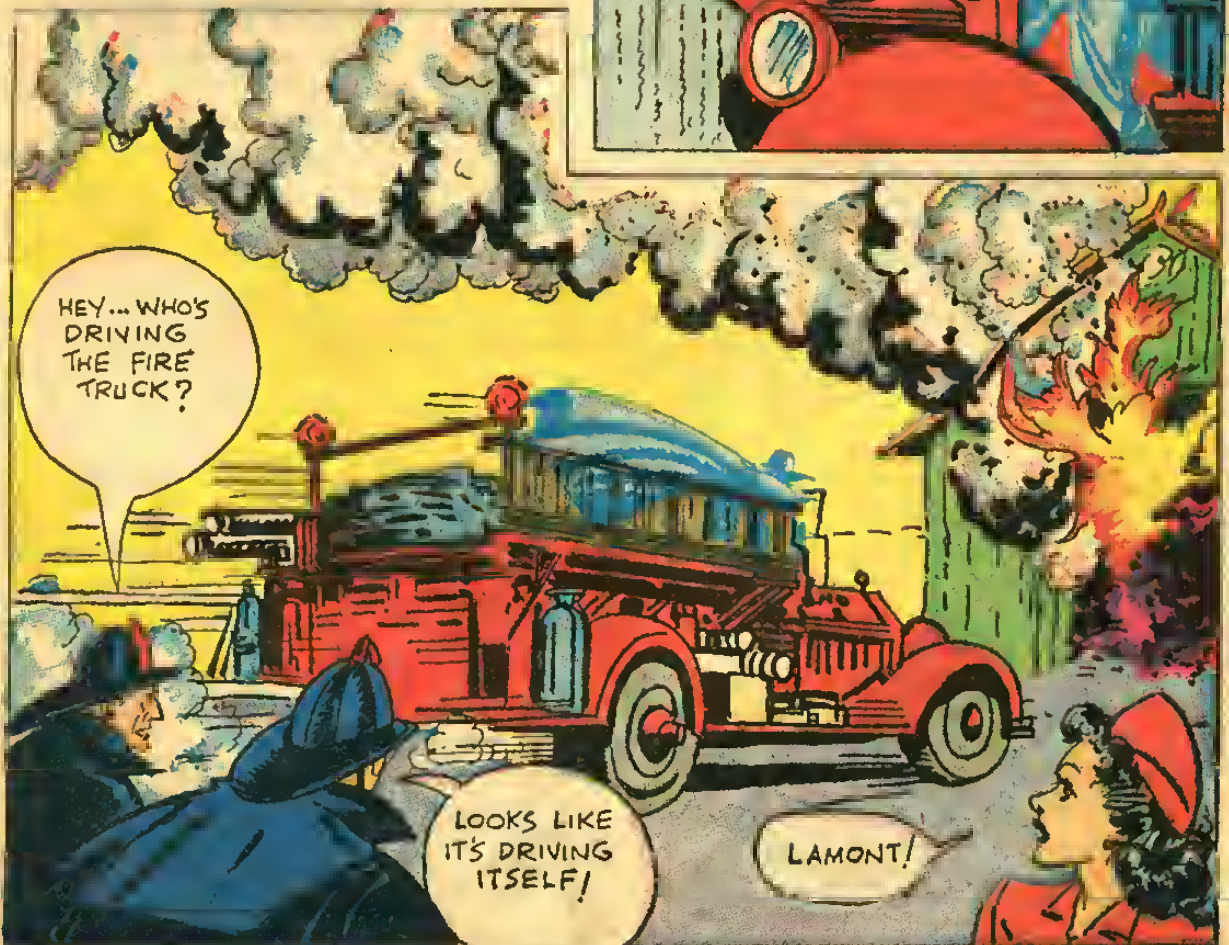
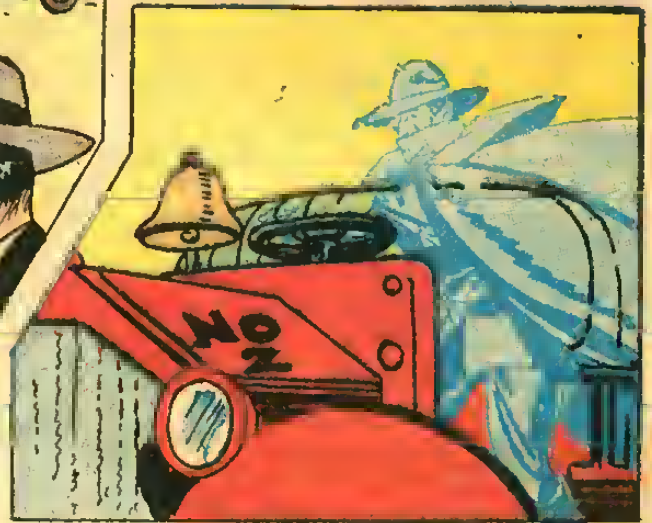
HEY... LOOK AT THAT BARN BURN! TOO LATE TO TRY TO STOP IT!

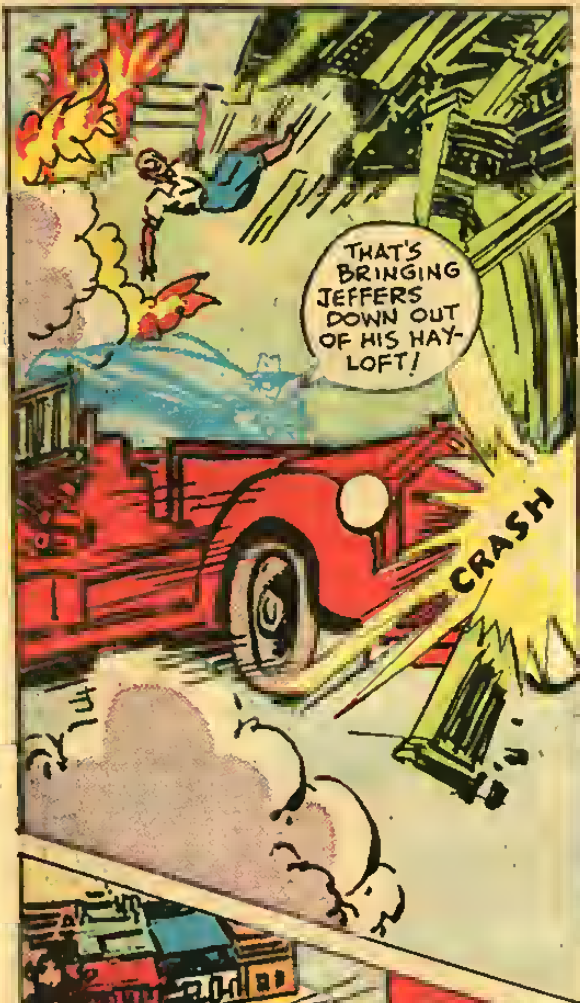
WHY... THAT BARN'S LIGHTED UP LIKE A TORCH!

THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT FIRE. WE'RE GOING OVER THERE!



GOT YOU... AND SETTING FIRE TO A BARN THIS TIME! LUCKY THE FIRE ENGINE IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO PUT IT OUT QUICKLY!







LOOK OUT,
TRIG... THE
FIRE TRUCK!

I CAN'T
DODGE IT,
DIRK!



HOW TO BECOME
CRANSTON AGAIN!



HERE'S ANOTHER
BANK ROBBER, BUT
THEY'RE TOO WEAK
TO OFFER FIGHT!

IF THEY DO,
I'M READY
FOR THEM!

TO THINK
THAT THESE
CROOKS TRIED
TO PIN MURDER
ON THOSE
BOYS!

I THOUGHT OF
THAT WHEN I RESCUED
JEFFERS, MARGO. I
HOPE ALL BOYS WHO
HEAR OF THIS WILL
REALIZE WHAT
BITTER FRUIT THE
WEED OF CRIME
CAN BEAR!



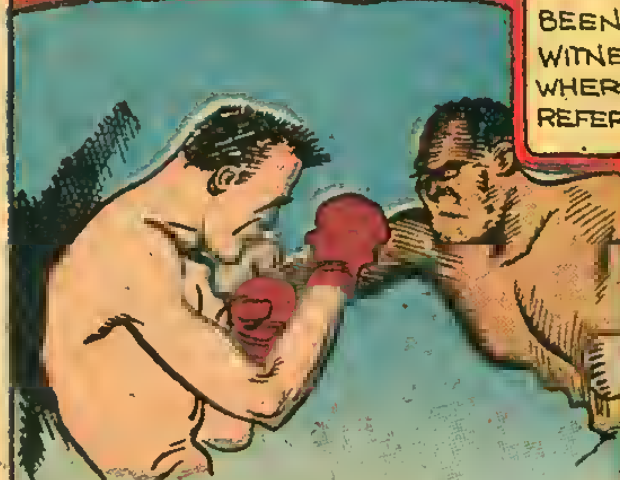
HERE'S JEFFERS... STILL
ALIVE! IT'S LUCKY FOR
YOU THAT HE IS! YOU'D
HAVE BEEN GUILTY OF
MURDER IF HE'D
DIED IN THAT FIRE!

BUT WE
DIDN'T
KNOW...

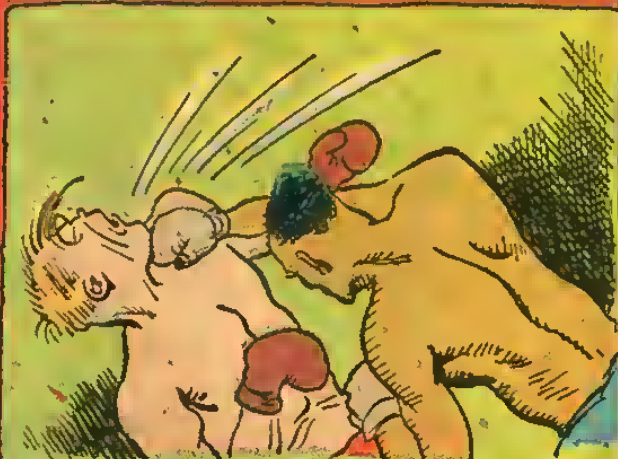
THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!
BUT FOR HIS TIMELY
INTERVENTION, THE FULL
BRUNT OF CRIME WOULD
HAVE FALLEN UPON TWO
BOYS WHO LET THEIR
PRANKS GROW INTO
MISDEEDS.
LIKE THE CROOKS,
WHO TURNED THEM
INTO TOOLS, THOSE
BOYS NOW KNOW
THAT CRIME
DOES NOT PAY
!!!
...

"TOLERANCE"

IN NO SPORT HAS SO-CALLED TOLERANCE BEEN MORE EVIDENT THAN THAT WITNESSED IN THE BOXING RING WHERE EVERY MAN IS JUDGED WITHOUT REFERENCE TO RACE, CREED OR COLOR—



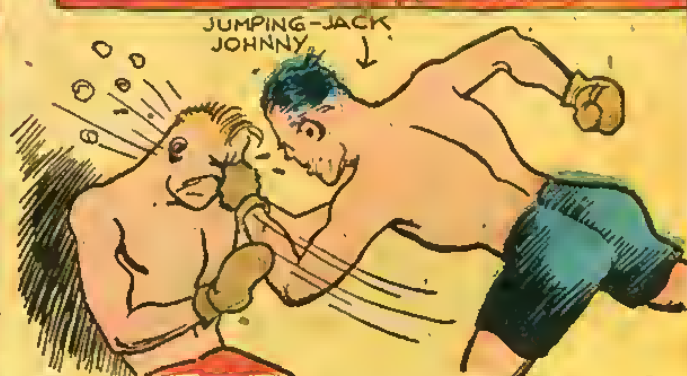
AS LONG AGO AS MAY 21, 1891, JIM CORBETT TOOK ON THE GREAT COLORED FIGHTER, PETER JACKSON—THE CONTEST WAS CALLED A DRAW AFTER 61 ROUNDS—THERE WAS NO DISCRIMINATION—



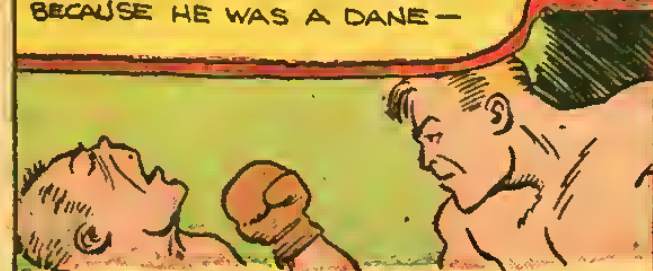
JOE GANS, THE FINE COLORED LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION AND AN ORNAMENT TO THE RING, STARTED FIGHTING IN 1891 AGAINST 157 OPPONENTS, NEARLY ALL OF THEM MEMBERS OF A DIFFERENT RACE—



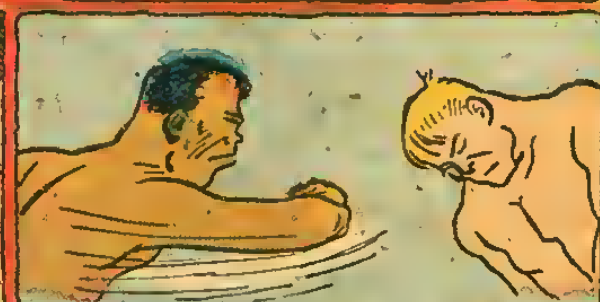
BATTLING NELSON, BORN IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, BECAME LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD—NOBODY REFUSED TO FIGHT HIM BECAUSE HE WAS A DANE—



JOHNNY DUNDEE (REAL NAME: JOSEPH CARRORA) WAS BORN IN ITALY—HE BECAME A WORLD'S FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION IN OUR COUNTRY—HIS NATIONALITY DIDN'T STAND IN HIS WAY—

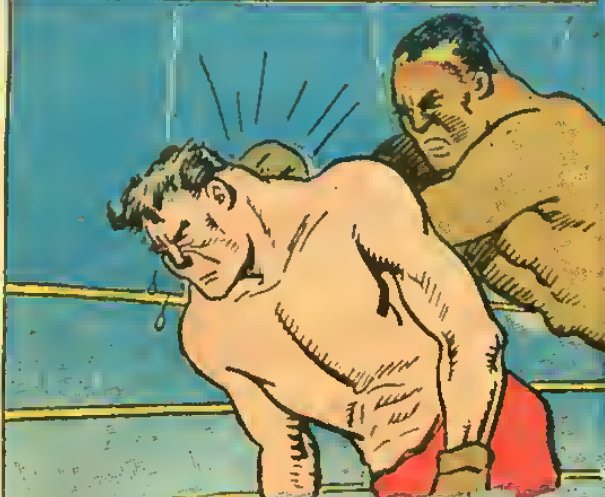


STANLEY KETCHEL, ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL OF RINGMEN, WAS DECIDEDLY POLISH-AMERICAN—HE WAS ACCEPTED BY, AND LICKED MANY OF DIFFERENT BACK-GROUNDS—

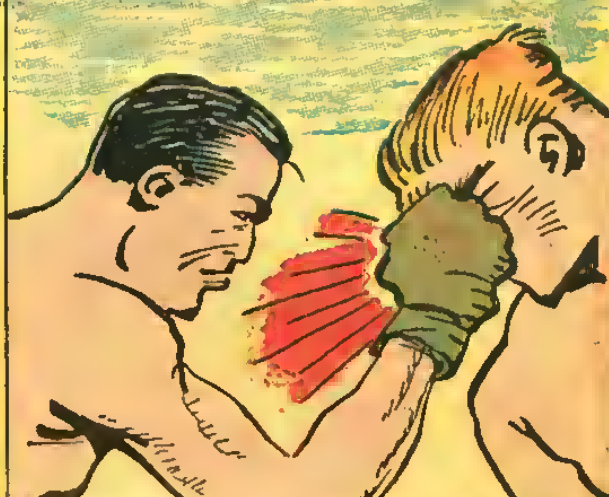


PANCHO VILLA, A NATIVE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, KNOCKED OUT JIMMY WILDE, THE ENGLISHMAN FOR THE WORLD'S FLYWEIGHT

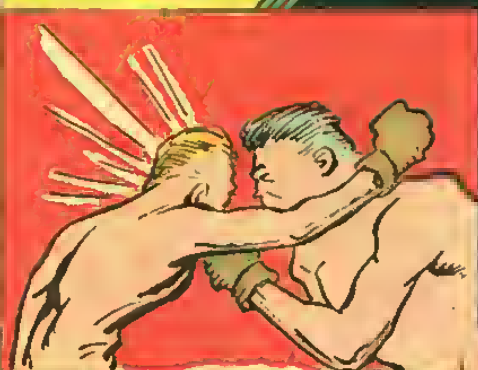
NO INTOLERANCE IN BOXING (CONT'D)



MAX SCHMELING, THE GERMAN, WAS RECEIVED IN THIS COUNTRY WITH ADMIRATION—HE KNOCKED OUT JOE LOUIS IN 12 ROUNDS (1936)—TWO YEARS LATER (ALMOST TO THE DAY) JOE KO'ED SCHMELING IN 1 ROUND—SCHMELING'S NATIONALITY DIDN'T BAR HIM FROM COMPETITION IN THE U.S.



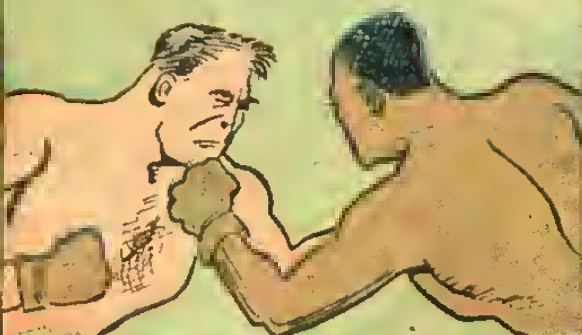
GREAT JEWISH FIGHTERS LIKE BENNY LEONARD AND LEW TENDLER FORGED TO THE TOP, MEETING SCORES OF GENTILES—THEIR OPPONENTS NEVER DISCRIMINATED AGAINST THEM—



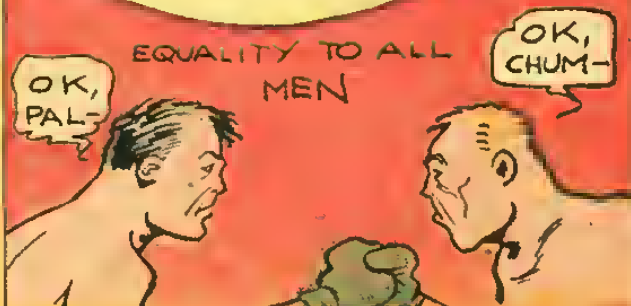
GEORGES CARPENTIER, THE FRENCHMAN, WAS GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY OVER HERE TO WIN THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE AGAINST DEMPSEY—HE DIDN'T, BUT THE CHANCE WAS HIS —



JOHNNY RIVERS, A SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN, WAS NOT BARRED AS A RINGMAN IN THIS COUNTRY—NOTE: HE JOINED THE U.S. MARINES AND WAS KILLED AT GUADACANAL, OCTOBER, 1942 —



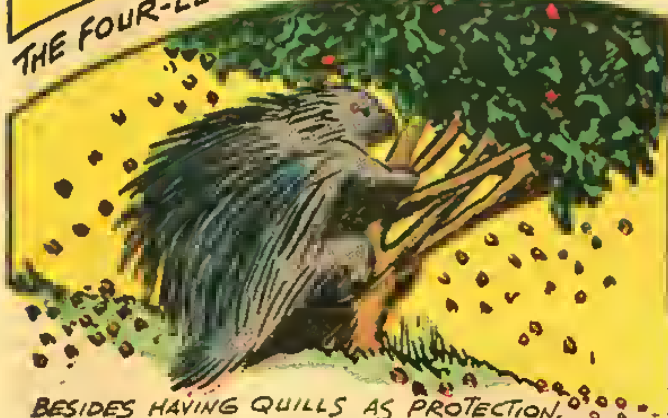
HAD JIM JEFFRIES, RETIRED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, REFUSED TO FIGHT JACK JOHNSON IN 1910, THE CLEVER COLORED MAN MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AS THE LEGITIMATE TITLE—HOLDER—NO JOHNSON, NO WILLARD, NO DEMPSEY, PERHAPS—



YES, POLES, IRISH, AMERICANS, FRENCH, COLORED, GERMANS, ENGLISH, INDIANS AND ALL RACES ARE BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE—

Barn Clever These...

THE FOUR-LEGGED 'CARRY-ALL-BAG'!



BESIDES HAVING QUILLS AS PROTECTION, THE PORCUPINE USES THEM TO BRING HOME FOOD FOR ITS YOUNG. AFTER SHAKING DOWN A BERRY BUSH, THE PORKY WILL ROLL IN THE BERRIES UNTIL IT HAS 'SPEARED' ENOUGH FOR THE FAMILY DINNER...

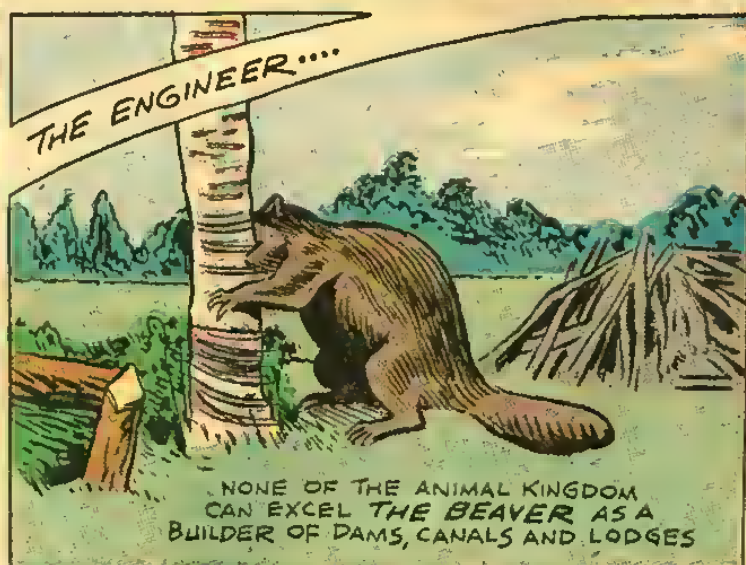
THE SENTRY...

LONG BEFORE THE HUMAN SENTRY WAS POSTED, THE CROW CHOSE ONE OF ITS NUMBER TO PERCH UPON A HIGH TREE TO KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT WHILE THE OTHERS FED OR SLEPT...



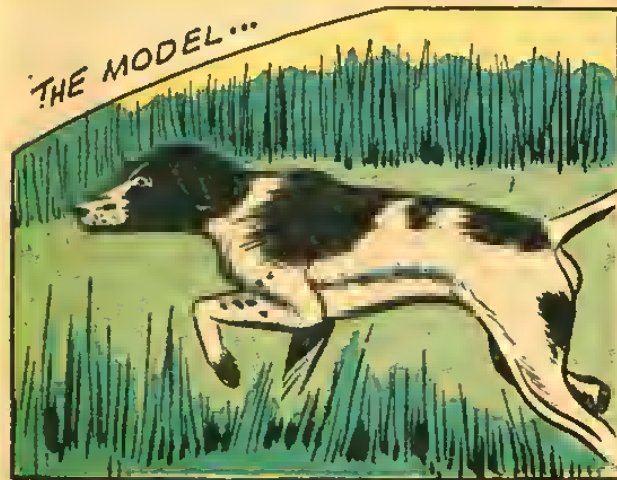
THE ACTOR....

WHEN CONFRONTED WITH DANGER, THE OPPOSUM WILL 'PLAY DEAD' VERY REALISTICALLY!



THE ENGINEER....

NONE OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM CAN EXCEL THE BEAVER AS A BUILDER OF DAMS, CANALS AND LODGES



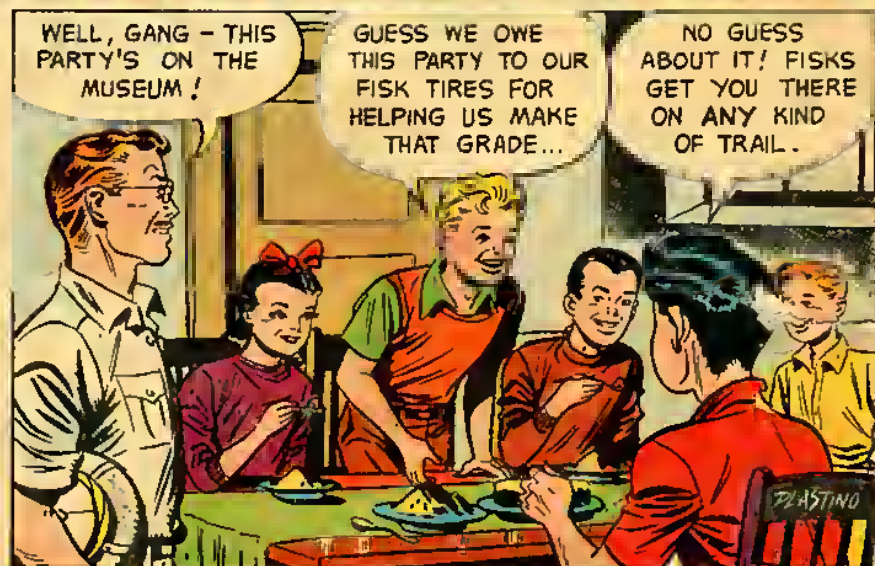
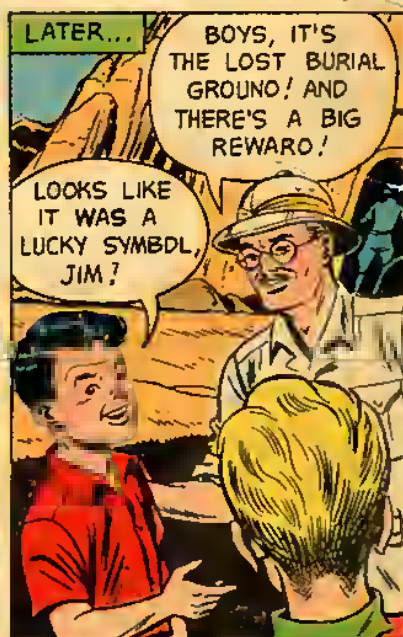
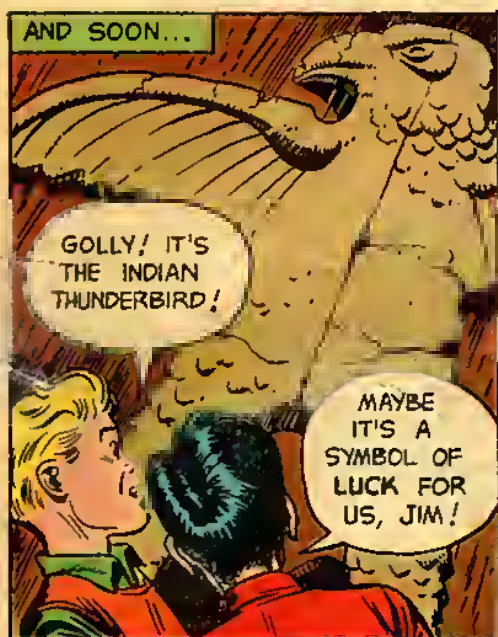
THE MODEL...

FEW HUMAN MODELS CAN HOLD A POSE AS MOTIONLESS AND AS LONG AS THE POINTER...



THE KLEPTOMANIAC...

IT IS SAID THAT THE RAVEN WILL STEAL BRIGHT, SHINEY OBJECTS FOR THE SHEER ENJOYMENT OF HIDING THEM

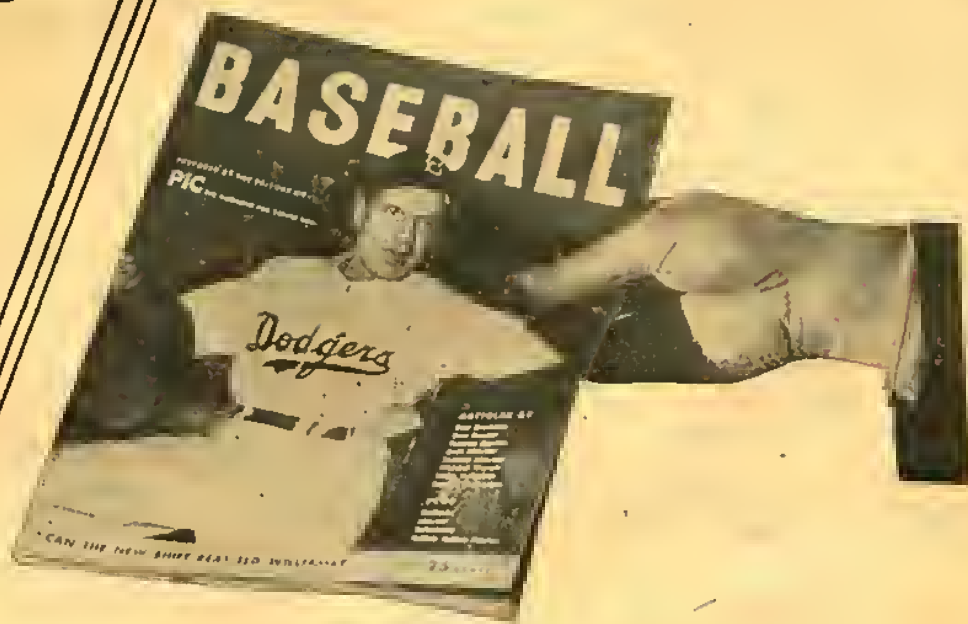


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